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# ST. CLYDE;

A NOVEL.

---

Breathes there a man with soul so dead,  
Who never to himself hath said,

“ This is my own, my native land !”

Whose heart has ne’er within him burned,  
As home his footsteps he hath turned,

From wandering on a foreign strand ?

SCOTT.

---

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.



LONDON :

PRINTED FOR GALE AND FENNER,  
PATERNOSTER-ROW,

By S. Hamilton, Weybridge, Surrey.

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1816.



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TO  
THOMAS CAMPBELL, Esq.

AUTHOR OF  
"THE PLEASURES OF HOPE,"

&c. &c. &c.


THESE VOLUMES

ARE

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED.

MARCH 27th, 1816.

See Key Key 30 July 52. This Oct = 3 v.



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# ST. CLYDE.

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## CHAPTER I.

Ye've heard this while how I've been licket,  
And by fell death was nearly nicket;  
Grim loon! he gat me by the fecket,  
And sair me sheuk;  
But by gude luck I lap a wicket,  
And turned a neuk.'

BURNS.

MACTAGGART, the postmaster of Bute, arranging, one morning, the letters for delivery that came over from the Largs, found one addressed to Mr. Whiggans, and which was not sealed. Discovering a letter of unusual size open, curiosity prompted Mactaggart to unfold it, but what was his surprise to find its contents an invoice of prohibited goods.

Whiggans was a skipper whose usual residence was at Cambeltown in Kintire, but he had also carried on a fair trade in Rothsay for many years. Mac-taggart was a man of scrupulous, busy, meddling honesty; and his own brother would not have met any mercy at his hands, if found transgressing any of the known and established laws of the land. He was determined, therefore, to do his duty; and in place of giving this letter to his son, to be delivered, he carried it himself to the laird, St. Clyde, who was the justice of the peace for the island.\*

The laird was not at home when Mactaggart called; he had taken his gun in his hand and gone to the muir; but the postmaster would wait till he returned. By accident the laird soon

\* This transaction is supposed to take place in 1750-1.

returned, and Mactaggart requested to have a word with him in his office, which was also his study.

“Certainly,” said the laird; “come this way, Mr. Mactaggart.”

When they got into the office, Mactaggart questioned the laird, whether it was right to detain a letter that contained any thing inimical to the revenue of the crown; but this he did, not so much to get the opinion of the laird, as to show his own knowledge of the law on this head. And, when the laird satisfied him, that to intercept disloyal letters was not only proper, and the duty of every loyal subject, but also very praise-worthy, Mactaggart drew from his side-pocket the letter addressed to Whiggans, and, opening it with great ceremony, put it into the laird’s hands, saying—

“If that letter contain not matter inimical to the revenue of the crown, I

have done wrong ; but if it does, I hope and trust, there will be nobody to stop the course of justice. I would not knowingly hurt any man; but I think I know my duty too well, to let such a letter slip through my hands without proving to my superiors that I am worthy of the office I fill."

The laird read the invoice with deep attention, and when he had done—

"Is it possible, Mr. Mactaggart, that this letter can be a real invoice? Mr. Whiggans has always borne a fair character amongst us, and he is not a needy man. I think it must be a forgery, especially as it was not sealed."

"Well, sir, if you think so, I had better give it to him myself; but do not you see by the postscript that the vessel is to be in Ettrick bay about the time the letter arrived?"

"You are very right, Mr. Mactag-



gart, I do see that from the postscript, and therefore I think it will be best to issue a warrant for the apprehension of Whiggans; and since young Stuart's cutter is in the bay, I will send a letter to him by you, to proceed with all possible haste to Ettrick bay, to seize the lugger in which these contraband goods are."

On the evidence furnished by the invoice, that Whiggans was not only a smuggler, but an enterprising one too, the warrant was made out, and the letter was written to Lieutenant Stuart, to proceed to Ettrick bay with all possible speed. And Mactaggart gave the warrant to baillie Ilan Dou, who had it executed immediately, and Captain Whiggans was put into the town-jail, to the great consternation of all the skippers in Rothsay. But Stuart's cutter had sailed before Mactaggart got into the town.

The laird, after Mactaggart had gone, wrote letters to the comptroller and baillie Ilan Dou, requesting their attendance on him at the town-hall next day by eleven o'clock, to investigate the business this letter opened to their view. Mactaggart was also desired to be there, and the Dominie, Mr. Maclean, was sent for to make a minute of the invoice in the laird's journal of criminal cases. But the dominie did not come then exactly: he would be over in an hour.

The laird had a family of three children—a son, Colin; and two daughters, Norah and Ellen. Colin was about thirteen years of age, and his sisters were both younger.

The laird had an only sister, and she had given her hand to Mon. Villejuive, a French emigrant, who had followed the fortunes of prince Charles Edward Stuart; and the family of Villejuive

consisted of two boys, much about Colin St. Clyde's age, and these three boys were perpetually together in all their games and fishing excursions.

On the morning of the day on which the laird was to attend the council, his horse was brought to the door, for he had breakfasted rather earlier than usual, and he went into his office for the letter, but, after searching every drawer and shelf, he could not find it. However, as the dominie, who acted as clerk on emergency, was in the habit of carrying home any thing he had to do of a laborious nature for the laird, "that he might do it well when his family went to bed," a messenger was dispatched along with Colin to the school, to bring back the invoice, but the dominie had it not. "He had on the evening of the preceding day just got the laird's journal ruled to insert the document, when the minister sent

for him, and he had to leave it off; but he intended to come over the muir and do it before the forenoon school commenced," and unfortunately the much-thinking man forgot it entirely; and, to satisfy the laird, he came over to show the exact place in which he had left it on the preceding evening.

Every body was questioned about the invoice, but no one knew any thing of it; there was not one person in the house that ever removed any of the laird's papers, and every one had more sense than to take away or destroy a letter.

One of the young Villejuives came for Colin to go along with him to school, and hearing the noise the laird was making with the dominie, (for the poor man was sadly rated about "his great carelessness,") the boy recollected, "that on the preceding evening Colin, his brother, and himself were

making rockets and squibs, and that Colin brought a piece of paper like an exercise on book-keeping from the study, and he was sure it made a fine large rocket barrel."

Colin and the other Villejuive were both sent for, and Colin confessed "having taken a piece of paper, but he had often got paper from his father for messengers to his kite; there was not a kite he mounted, but his father gave him the paper for it; and he thought the paper he had taken was some exercise Mr. Maclean had been copying out of papa's book, for the lads that were learning book-keeping at the school to be puzzled with—the master was aye plaguing the older scholars with hard questions and difficult exercises;"—and Colin having cursorily scanned the contents of the paper, "did not think it of any value, for he had not heard of Mr. Whiggans's

being a smuggler before ; and as there were many words on the paper that neither he nor the Villejuives could make out, all three thought it was certainly an exercise the master had forgotten ;” and, said the laird, “ it was fine fun to get hold of so difficult an article before any body was teased with the correction of it.”

His father was very angry with him, but blamed the dominie most, who ought to have had more sense than to leave so important a document within the reach of any one ; and, to make a short tale of a long one, the *whins* and all the ground for a distance round the house were searched, but not a vestige of the paper wanted could be found ; it was irretrievably lost.

The laird went to Rothsay, where he found the other members of the council assembled, with many of the skippers who were willing to give bail for



Captain Whiggans. The baillie ordered the jailor to bring Mr. Whiggans up to the town-hall, for the prison was beneath it; but the laird related the accident that had befallen the document they were to proceed by, and lamented the dominie should have been so inattentive to his duty. The skippers were very much concerned about the fate of Whiggans; and after various and contradictory opinions were heard, whether the prisoner should be set at liberty or confined till the opinion of the council should be unanimous, it was resolved, after due deliberation, to apply for advice to the Lords of Session. The comptroller did not see any necessity for this, but the laird did; that gentleman's opinion was fixed, and he was sure it was well founded; and since the invoice, though destroyed, had been examined by three men of unimpeachable veracity,

he would not hear of liberating the prisoner ; the laird started some doubts, but baillie Ilan Dou solved them all by observing, “ it was at their peril to let Whiggans escape ; for escape it would be, were he let out of prison, since he resided nobody knew where, himself said at Cambeltown, it might be at Jonny Groat’s house, it might be any where or every where that answered his illicit trade ; and it was now very evident why Whiggans had no fixed residence in Bute.”

The council at length judged that “ the oaths of the laird, Mr. Mactaggart, and the dominie, were equivalent to the production of the invoice,” and the comptroller “ was sure this would be the opinion of their lordships.” And it was determined also, “ as the day was now far gone, to meet on the following day and draw up a memorial to their lordships,” and with this last



resolution the council broke up, its thanks having been given to Mr. Mac-taggart for his vigilance in watching over the interests of the crown.

Whilst these things were doing in Rothsay, Whiggans had dispatched a trusty person to Ettrick bay, whither he expected the smuggler would be coming, with orders to go to sea, for he had been taken up by the invoice having been intercepted; and, in the mean time, he sold and made over to another man all the property he had in Bute for about two-thirds of its real value.

In another cell of the jail was confined a poor unfortunate shoemaker, who had lain there for three years for a debt. This man had a family of five children, so young that they all looked up to him for support; and though these helpless things were kept from starvation by the bounty of the weal-

thy, there was nobody would pay the father's debts and give him his liberty.

The first thing Whiggans did, as soon as he received the first payment of the property he had sold, was to send twenty pounds, the amount of his debts, to the shoemaker, by the hands of the jailor, with a surly command to say nothing about him in it; but the jailor could not contain himself at the folly of the smuggler, and he went straight and blabbed the whole to the laird, to whom the poor overjoyed cobbler had sent him with the price of his liberty. The laird was very much struck with the liberality of Whiggans, and gave the bearer of the money an order for the shoemaker's release. And he was set at liberty, to the great joy of his wife and children, who, with himself, flocked round the window of Whiggans's cell, to his surprise and an-

noyance, and thanked him with a thousand thanks as sincere as ever generosity listened to.

The laird could not cease to admire the conduct of Whiggans; and as he and the dominie were preparing, during the evening, a sketch of the form in which he would have the memorial drawn up, the laird lamented to the dominie "there should be such a diversity in the character of Captain Whiggans, and he wondered there was no suspicion of him hitherto; but he would not at all be surprised to hear of an attempt made that very night to force the prison and release him." Baillie Ilan Dou was accountable for the prisoner, and the laird (after a considerable pause, with his eyes fixed in the fire) muttered, "Nor should I be sorry:" and he raised his eyes, steadily looking at the vassal who was laying his supper apparatus, and who stood

with the knife and fork suspended in his hand ; and who, after returning the laird's look, went on calmly to finish his business, and left the room ; and the laird seemed careless of pursuing the business any farther that night.

The Laird St. Clyde was almost too humane for his office ; not that he would allow justice to sleep, but the generosity of Whiggans paralysed his duty, and engendered a latent wish that Whiggans were free again ; so apt is the human mind to confound the character of men who by their lawless deeds render themselves obnoxious to the laws of the land, whilst, by traits of philanthropy, a merciful but upright judge would be at a loss, if the decision affected only himself, whether such a man as Whiggans was not rather an object of admiration than of public vengeance.

The vassal went instantly to Ettrick

bay, where he knew there were some friends of Whiggans; and half a dozen of them were collected and brought to town by midnight. They proceeded to the jailor's house, and tried to persuade the vassal of St. Clyde to raise the jailor from his bed, and demand the key of the prison in the laird's name. This request he would not comply with, but he would enter by the window and take the key from beneath the jailor's pillow; and he did so without awakening him. Whiggans was liberated, and the man was putting back the key in its place; but the jailor awoke, and the vassal had just cleared the window when the jailor fired at him: finding the key in its place, the jailor did not suspect his prisoner was gone; yet he could not sleep, thinking of the daring attempt of the man whom his precipitate hand had missed. But on the morning

Whiggans was gone, and nobody could tell how, for the jail door was found locked, and the jailor "would be hanged; the devil might take him; he might lose his post if he had not done his duty."

The laird conjectured how Whiggans escaped; but he never questioned the vassal, nor behaved toward him with friendship or severity; and as poor Glass (for that was the vassal's name) was drowned shortly after, the laird, the dominie, Whiggans, and his people kept the secret, each for different reasons.

Whiggans had left the island, and could not be heard of in any public capacity as a merchant or skipper, though it was generally believed he had become captain of a gang of daring smugglers, who infested for many years the whole of the Hebrides, to the great annoyance of the fair trader and



the prejudice of the revenue of the crown.

As Colin and the Villejuives were one day fishing at Ambrisbeg loch, a man in the dress of a sailor came up to them from a wood, and gave Colin a pair of very nice pistols, and to the other boys he gave a leathern bag full of fishing-tackle and a flask full of gunpowder; and the laird, though he could not tell who this man might be, was so much pleased with the present his son had received, that, in addition to a particular word engraved on the barrel of each pistol, the laird had them sent to Glasgow, and the crest of his family was engraved in a very neat manner; it was done to please Colin, as a reward of his diligence under the care of the dominie; and no general was ever prouder of a sword from his sovereign, than was this boy with his pair of pistols.

The Villejuives were very much pleased with their fishing-hooks, but as they kept their fishing-tackle in a box, they offered the dominie the bag to hold the marbles in he gave the boys for good behaviour.

In about a month after these boys got their presents from the sailor, Colin was sent to college at Edinburgh, and Mon. Villejuive, being a catholic in religion, sent his boys to St. Omers, where they would be under the care of an uncle, and a Jesuit who was remotely related to their father.



## CHAPTER II.

- - - - - And then a lover,  
Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad  
Made to his mistress' eyebrow.

SHAKSPEARE.

COLIN ST. CLYDE had not long commenced his third session at the University till he became acquainted with an engaging and open-hearted youth of the name of Antony Levingstone. Colin had passed his seventeenth year, and the eighteenth winter had stopped with tenacious gripe the rivulets of his father's grounds, since time had numbered the years of Levingstone. To a countenance which Lavater would have pronounced the index of an ingenuous heart and a forward resolution, nature had bestowed on St. Clyde a figure which possessed the rare com-

bination of Hercules in the character of Adonis; and the openness and sincerity of Levingstone's heart were only surpassed by the intelligence of his understanding. Colin was master also of that sterling quality which in a student never fails to crown every honest pursuit with merited success—perseverance; he became possessed of it in a very remarkable degree, and it was therefore not astonishing that he rendered himself conspicuous amongst his fellow-students, and became to Levingstone an object of the highest interest.

It was not necessary for Levingstone to court by servile submission the friendship of St. Clyde, who could easily discover in him the strongest proofs of qualifications far superior to the ordinary run of young men; and on the other hand the mental endowments with which Colin was blessed,

were so improved by a well-directed and closely-pursued system of education, that Antony did not scruple to hold the hero of our tale up to his fellow students as a model of classic excellence. But Levingstone was not ignorant of the symmetry of his limbs and the fair proportion of his entire figure; and St. Clyde, though he could not find the language of reproof, was greatly afflicted by the constant attention his friend paid to the number of his coats, and the quality of his linen, the cut of his hair, and the taper of his fingers. And the scrupulous exactness with which he would adjust every part of his dress previously to his going abroad of a morning, made St. Clyde a hundred times wish the mirror at the deuce; it was an idle wish; yet Levingstone was studious, learned, and on every other topic tolerably wise.

These young men, in pursuance of

their respective studies, neglected no branch of scientific knowledge that offered itself to them in the usual courses of lectures, which were delivered and attended at the college. They were constantly together, and resolved at last to take lodgings in the same house; they did so, and their friendship now increased, as the hours they were together augmented their acquaintance.

But though they had an unlimited fidelity in each other, they had too much good sense to pry into the visits which the one or the other paid to the families he had been introduced to, either by letters from his relations, or the casual acquaintance of his fellow-students.

It was from thus unofficially scanning the times of their absence from each other, that St. Clyde uninterruptedly visited the family of Augustus

Stuart. They attended several classes together during this session, and the diligence of Augustus marked him in the progress of knowledge next to Levingstone, as the only companion whom it had been St. Clyde's fortune to make during his studies.

Augustus esteemed St. Clyde worthy of all the attachment, confidence, and friendship, one well-meaning young man can place in another; and this was established by another object.

Mr. Stuart was a merchant, and though the hurry and bustle of business prevented him for some time from taking any notice of the unqualified praises his son bestowed on St. Clyde, they were too frequently and too loudly repeated, not to create in the old gentleman a strong desire to ascertain, by personal observation, the value of such unbounded applauses:

and as he was not deficient in hospitality, Augustus was instructed to invite, in his father's name, St. Clyde to dine with the family on new-year's day. A higher mark of respect could not have been shown him, since on such an occasion few, very few indeed, except relations, sat down to dinner with Mr. Stuart.

It was his custom to act thus; for his father, his grandfather, and he believed his great-grandfather, had done so; and in their steps, and not in the dissipation of modern times, would the footsteps of a Stuart tread: and St. Clyde was received with every mark of genuine hospitality; and the day, though it passed in great hilarity, was spent with all the decorum that parental experience might dictate, and youthful prudence should obey; for modesty there, was not decried as im-



polite and troublesome; nor did the sallies of the young border on impudence and the want of good manners.

When our visitor was leaving this family in the evening, his "good night" was accompanied with a general and pressing invitation from Mr. Stuart, to come and dine, drink tea, and spend an evening, whenever his studies would permit, and he found himself disengaged, to sacrifice an hour of his agreeable company: and Colin returned to his lodgings, delighted with the frankness of Mr. Stuart's conduct, indeed with the whole family; but charmed with the appearance, conversation, good sense, and amiable manners of Eliza Stuart, who seemed adorned with all those female attractions which are more calculated to please, than to dazzle.

From nature, she had received a figure of elegance; it might vie with

any that promenaded Bruntsfield Links or St. James's park; from education and maternal assiduity, that ease and good sense, that prudence and affability, the reverse of prudery and coquetting, which to a mind like Colin's became indescribably interesting; her looks, her words, her manner of doing even the most trifling things, were rivetted on his attention, and reflection made the impression indelible on his heart.

But though he was possessed of a sensible heart, he was too much interested in his studies, to permit any female perfections to ensnare it on so slight an acquaintance. He knew also, that, without resistance, so much excellence would creep into and entwine itself round his susceptible heart, and wean him from that which alone could ensure his own approbation, his comfort (pardon, ye fair, the use of the



term, it is written with respectful prayer for yours also)—his future fame and success, of which his ardent and youthful imagination built many a castle on fleeting and airy foundations. He knew that to one, whose fortune depended on his own exertions, and not on the antiquity of his family and the crowded insignia of his seal, these years were the most precious of his life, and if wasted in the softness of love, they were not only lost, but they entailed an effeminacy of disposition to be dreaded and discouraged: in short, it might balk all his prospects, without affording any consolation or the least recompense.

He resolved, when he next went home with Augustus, not to observe, if possible, what Eliza might be engaged with, nor to pay more attention to her than merely to be polite; and he remained firm in his resolution: but

its only effect was to render confused, with a blush, the lovely countenance of this ingenuous, elegant girl; and the embarrassment into which she was thrown by St. Clyde's presence, though she had not yet formed any attachment for him, served only to heighten the admiration in which she held the friend of her brother. But, being his friend, she was sensible that, next to the professor's, St. Clyde's was the best company Augustus could be in; and the inattention with which Colin had observed her, she attributed to the bent of his whole soul on some intricate branch of their studies, which it was neither her duty nor her wish to unravel. With this construction, the first effort of Colin's address to conceal what himself could not yet explain, was passed over; but little did the young lady know, that, whilst she was interpreting his gait,

and speech, and look, in approaching and parting from her, Mrs. Stuart, whose perspicacity was as keen as her experience of her sex was matured, examined with maternal nicety the extreme of her daughter's behaviour, especially the unconscious, averted look and blush, and sudden emotion of artless embarrassment, but too evident in her looks, her speech, and action.

But the good woman had prudence enough not to rally her daughter with this incident. She valued herself on the family from which she had descended, and she was resolved if possible, though herself had erred much in marrying a merchant, to secure for the accomplished, the favourite, the charming Eliza, a husband whose independence might entitle him to the possession and enjoyment of so much excellence.

A mere student who might be des-

tined for the army, the navy, the bustle of mercantile life, or the obscurity of Highland monotonous rusticity, was not therefore likely to meet with much encouragement from a mother, who considered her daughter fit to grace the arm of a lord, or the carriage of a countess. But it was not necessary, till something more convincing should occur, to remark to Eliza personally on the folly of early attachment; and yet, unless the visits of St. Clyde were interdicted, he could not be prevented from conversing occasionally with her, as he was permitted hitherto from the terms on which he stood with Augustus and Mr. Stuart.

## CHAPTER III.

They loved ; but such their guiltless passion was,  
As in the dawn of time informed the heart  
Of innocence and undissembling truth.  
'Twas friendship, heightened by the mutual wish ;  
Th' enchanting hope and sympathetic glow  
Beamed from the mutual eye.

THOMSON.

IN about a fortnight after the circumstance just mentioned, St. Clyde was solicited by Augustus to drink tea with the family, and Eliza betrayed in his presence a degree of embarrassment still greater than the former ; for in listening to an argument between her father and St. Clyde, she continued to pour tea into a cup till the saucer was nearly full also. Her mother thought it was now high time to interpose her authority, and rouse her daughter's

pride, if she had any of her mother's spirit in her breast ; and accordingly, on the following morning, she addressed the young lady in terms to the following effect.

“ From the manner in which I have strictly performed, till this hour, all the duties of a mother, you must be aware, my dear, that any advice I am now going to give you, can have only for its object your happiness and settlement in life. Yes, my dear, when I reflect on the family from which I have descended, the many highly respectable branches into which that family is divided, the various relations which subsist again between the individual branches of my family and other families of the first consequence that I could easily name ; the titles, the crests some of the more remote branches of the family bear, the style they live in, the opportunities they have of intro-

ducing into the higher circles the female part, especially, of their friends and distant relations ; you are not to affect surprise when I tell you, that, with your education, manners, and person, you ought to rank with the best of them, and it would certainly be great folly on your part to throw yourself away on any man, who is not far above the son of a poor Highland laird."

" Indeed, my dear mother, you may rely on my duty ; I shall never do any thing contrary to your and my father's wishes ; but I hope neither he nor you will desire to fix my destiny with any gentleman who may not be the object of my esteem, and to whom I could look at all times, not only as my husband, but also as my friend and protector ; and as you know that I am perfectly disengaged, I am very much



surprised at your giving me this piece of advice."

"I beg your pardon, my dear; I have thought there is occasion for admonition, else I certainly should not have offered it. Your conduct one day about a fortnight ago, when St. Clyde came here with Augustus, was——"

"What was it, my dear mother?"

"Too evident to be mistaken by me, my sweet child; and I hope you will at least think of making choice of a worthy clergyman, an advocate, a writer to the signet, or indeed any lawyer at the head of the law, or one of our fine young physicians whose father is well settled in a good business, any professional man who has the expectancy of rising in his profession; but——"

"Dear mother, there is scarcely any

occasion for advice ; for I do not know my own heart, if I am capable of forming an attachment I should be ashamed to conceal.”

“ Very likely you do not, Miss Eliza.”

“ Dear me, mamma, I considered the appearance of embarrassment into which St. Clyde was thrown, as the effect of some reverie——”

“ Into which your appearance, my dear child, had thrown him.”

“ No indeed ; but I confess the confusion into which his embarrassment cast me, made an impression——”

“ Talk not of impressions, Eliza, if you have any respect for yourself, for your father, for me, and my family.”

“ You do not doubt, I hope, mamma, my duty and respect both to you and my papa.”

“ Then, the advice of your mother should always be seasonable.”

“ I shall always take it as such.”

“ But I have not done with this affair yet.”

“ Indeed you may, my dear mamma.”

“ What ! cease to give you advice, child, when it was but last night you again partook of this Highlandman’s reveries. I don’t know what to call it—embarrassment, stuff and nonsense, and in place of——”

“ I was listening and looking to my dear papa reprobating the inhuman conduct of parents forcing their children to choose a profession contrary to their son’s inclination ; and so the affair of the tea happened.”

“ And had not your father the best of the argument with the Highlander?”

“ My papa can argue with any person, and in my opinion he fairly beat the young gentleman.”

“ Very true ; that’s spoken like a good girl ; but you know young ladies

are not very good judges of what is best for their future welfare; they are so apt to be carried away by appearances: yes! many a fine woman has been lost by the address of a handsome young fellow. It is well, my love, when young ladies are wholly guided by the advice of their parents."

"I am not, my dear mother, going to argue against you."

"Well, then, you promise never, if possible——"

"I never had any thoughts of being on any familiar terms even of conversation with St. Clyde; and if you desire it, it shall never be so, if I can help it."

"You are a good girl; you can help it, and I desire it may be so."

In that city the word *professional* had not been corrupted when Mrs. Stuart lived it was confined but to three professions, and to have practised

in any one of them, required a collegiate education of at least seven years. It was therefore with good reason, that a woman so very remotely related to some great families as was Mrs. Stuart, and the wife of a merchant too, should look upon the marriage of her daughter with a physician, an advocate, or a clergyman, as an honourable and withal a desirable match.

Mrs. Stuart had quitted her daughter's presence on some pretence or other, and left us room to elucidate her ideas of a professional match for her daughter; but she soon returned, and thus the discourse was conducted.

"I hope, mamma, you will not think of saying any thing more on this matter."

"That must depend on circumstances."

"If I had given St. Clyde any encouragement, if any clandestine transaction had occurred through the

agency of Augustus, you might rate me, in good earnest, for want of duty and respect for myself: but nothing of the kind has transpired; it has been, on my part, but that friendly esteem one ought to feel for the companion of one's brother. Dear me! what am I saying? forgive me, mamma, if I have trespassed on your good sense, and believe me again, that I shall never play you and my dear papa false in my conduct with young St. Clyde."

"My love, I have spoken freely to you; we are free and open with each other; and we shall dismiss this matter for the present.—But, Eliza, has not Mrs. Akers, from Exeter, dismissed her nursery-maid?"

"Yes, mamma, she has; and I have heard papa say, that people who are incessantly changing their servants are fitter to serve than to command."

"My dear child, in the families in

the higher circles to which I am related, servants are less seldom changed than among the middle circles of life, to which your papa belongs."

"How is that, mamma?"

"How is that? How can it be otherwise, when ladies commit themselves to new servants; when they indulge their maids in conversations on their families, and make them privy to the failings of their husbands? And it is this, my love, this making of them their equals, intrusting them with what has no connexion with their duty, gossiping when work ought to be going on, talking about the conduct and characters of former servants, the goodness of this lady and the peevishness of that one; and can, my love, a lady who makes her servant her bosom companion, expect that that servant will not take liberties in process of time, and evince a want of respect, first, for



her lady's commands, then a contempt of her authority, till the lady is obliged, because the servant will not be found fault with, to turn off the girl who knows all her secret counsels?"

Eliza assented by a slight inclination of her head; and her mother proceeded.

"But, my dear child, habits of intimacy are not confined to the heads of families alone; the children often take such liberties with servants as are unwarrantable, in telling the foibles of their mother, the severity of their father; and from the nursery these tales are carried to the relations' houses of the servants. Thank God! I have kept my children from this pernicious folly; and from a still worse one, that of being the reprovers of my servants. There's Mrs. Akers, she never reproves her servants; indeed she cannot, poor woman, reprove those over whom she has

lost all authority ; but she dispatches little Mary Ann to the kitchen, the laundry, or the nursery, to deliver a reproof she had not herself the face to appear with ; and I once happened to hear Mary Ann, arrayed with the authority of her mamma, finding fault, giving orders, countermanding those orders, approving and censuring, when the poor child could not judge of the merit or demerit of the conduct of the servants."

Eliza pitied poor Mary Ann, and Mrs. Stuart talked.

"The conduct of Mrs. Akers puts her children (for the two boys are trained to it also) upon the watch to observe the servants' conduct, when it would be much better they were getting their lessons or improving their minds by reading ; and I'll wager my thimble, that Mary Ann won't be taught the duties of a mistress of a

house before she be solicited to perform them for some poor gentleman. Her mamma says she has no business with it, yet she is always amongst the servants, and can do nothing except wrangle with them, and carry tales from the kitchen to the parlour, and from the nursery to the kitchen. Ah! my dear Eliza, where there are slight bonds of union, a total want of obligation, arising as naturally from a change of situation as from a want of principle in both parties; where the latter is the prolific source of the evil both parties have to encounter; when the mistress knows she can enforce her authority by the name of her husband, and defend it by her independence; she is no longer loved, but feared, hated, and disobeyed; when her ignorance and narrowness of mind lead her to domineer, the servants do their work as beings who were born to serve only,

and serve only to be forgotten in that perpetual change their mistress has been accustomed to. Servants, my dear Eliza, are living instruments of economy, the rational furniture of a house; and if Mrs. Akers have any glimmerings of light on the subject, she destroys them by a false principle; she does not know that economy, so far as it regards inanimate things, serves only the low purposes of gain; but that where it respects human beings, it rises higher, and forms a very considerable branch as well of domestic happiness as of wealth."

But just at this instant Mr. Stuart entered the room; and the philosophical reasonings of this lady were lost to Eliza, and of course to St. Clyde, to whom she afterwards related the contents of this conversation with her mamma.

## CHAPTER IV.

And now, fair dames, methinks I see  
You listen to my minstrelsy ;  
Your waving locks ye backward throw,  
And sidelong bend your necks of snow :  
Ye ween to hear a melting tale  
Of two true lovers in a dale.

## THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL.

ELIZA hitherto was not very curious to learn from her brother, the definite character of St. Clyde ; all she had heard of him was, that he was descended from a respectable Highland family : she thought he was so, because his father lived in Bute ; but the manner in which he acquitted himself in the argument with her papa on the preceding evening, and the lecture her mother had read to her on the propriety of avoiding his company,

determined her to take an opportunity that very evening of questioning Augustus respecting the family of St. Clyde, and the estimate put upon his character and abilities by the professors under whom he studied at the college.

Of the former, Augustus could speak only from the report of Levingstone;—

“And is he, Augustus, the son of a Highland laird? Is his father not a chief?”

“I do not know, Eliza, whether we can in strictness call him a Highlander; his father lives in the island of Bute; and his popularity is so widely extended over the island, that, I am told by Mr. Levingstone, our fellow-student, the name of the Laird St. Clyde is authority for any thing, and the fear of his frown is enough to check the most audacious; his virtues are not exercised to procure mere

esteem, and gain blind obedience; Levingstone tells me, they have resulted from a pure philosophy, and that they are not confined to the selfish principle; they embrace the entire range of the people amongst whom he lives; and the urbanity of his manners at once conciliates the ill-disposed, and reconciles to their duty the refractory and disobedient."

"This good man must certainly be a fine model for his son; but, Augustus, what is St. Clyde thought of at college?"

"Why, of that I can speak from personal observation: there is no one I would prefer to him as a fellow-student and intimate companion. But why do you put so many questions to me about him?"

"I really don't know."

"You must have some reason; and if you act by me with the same in-



genuousness that he does, you have no reason to fear the disclosure of any secret by me."

"What, has he been confiding any secrets to you that involve me in their consequences.—Secret! I have none, sir!"

"Eh! what! come, Eliza, no coquetry!"

"You know I have none, you have told me so before; and you only upbraid me now with it, in order to tease and vex me.—But, but, but——"

"What is the but? Out with it, Eliza."

"Augustus, what could make you serious? I hope one day to see you—sober and sad. Now don't laugh, you are a tiresome creature."

"Well, I will be serious, if my mirth gives you pain, only tell me, are you——"

"There now, you are off again. Oh!

Augustus, I am greatly afraid you will never be steady in your attachments, you treat me so lightly."

"Pho, pho!—tell me what you have to say."

"Well then, if you will have it, our mamma lectured me so to-day about St. Clyde, and Heaven knows we never spoke to each other but in the presence of some of our family; and though I have attempted to stifle the recollection of even his name, there is a secret pleasure in remembering he is your friend, but——"

"Again a *but*: you will never be able, nor our mother either, to make him your *butt*; he is too great a philosopher, young as he is, to be carried away by your pretty face, my elegant sister. I beg pardon; do not frown; you are handsome, you know you are; and St. Clyde looks, as a philosopher, with calm admiration on a girl of your

appearance and 'address. He is no stoick, and I think I know enough of him, to assure you, he regards Miss Eliza Stuart as a being of a superior order in the sex to which you belong."

"For shame, Augustus, you trifle with me. I don't know that I deserve these praises, but I suppose St. Clyde is as respectable as——"

"As any young man at college. You are not in love, Eliza?"

"This is really provoking, Augustus, and I shall not readily speak of him again to you."

"Please yourself; but if I were a young lady worthy of so good and intelligent a youth, St. Clyde is the man, my dear girl, I would select, of all others, for my partner and guardian in life."

"I declare, Augustus, you are fit to be his confident; and when he wants a wife, advise him to employ you to

break the ice. Good bye ; go to your books, and try to be in love with doses and nostrums ; you have too much gallantry for a doctor."

The circumstance of the tea-cup and saucer did not pass unperceived by St. Clyde ; and a week had scarcely elapsed when Augustus brought him to his father's ; and as fortune would have it, Mr. and Mrs. Stuart had gone to Dalkieth. Augustus had been informed of their intended journey, and his mother had given orders, that none of his fellow-students should come near the house during their absence : but he flew into a very violent passion at hearing the visits of his friends interdicted, and left the room with a countenance that indicated the composition of his mind ; for he was naturally of a very forward temper, and impatient of contradiction ; and he accordingly brought St. Clyde to his father's in despite of maternal authority.

Augustus certainly took very little concern in what transpired under his paternal roof, except as connected with his own studies, and the injunction of his mother he pretended to his sister to have quite escaped his memory; but he hoped she would not be displeased to see St. Clyde. It would have been too great rudeness in her to have reminded Augustus of their mother's orders; for, to have turned out his friend might not only have offended him, but brought on Mrs. Stuart the title of *peevish*; but the young lady got a promise from the rest of the family, that, unless asked by mamma, none of them would discover the inadvertency and neglect of Augustus in bringing his friend to the house; such was Eliza's construction of this passionate brother's conduct.

The young people of Mr. Stuart's family were this evening their own directors, and whilst Eliza was prepar-

ing tea for them, Augustus reminded St. Clyde of a volume of Pliny that had been left on a table in his lodgings, and proposed to go and fetch it whilst his sisters were preparing tea; and "he hoped St. Clyde would be able to find amusement for ten minutes in the company of three giddy girls."

One of the Miss Stuarts was copying some music; her cousin was studying the celestial globe; Eliza was getting the tea ready, and St. Clyde sat unmoveable at the same table; nor did he raise his voice from Augustus' departure till Eliza broke silence.

"I believe, Mr. St. Clyde, students are great tea-drinkers; are they not?"

"Students are very often more attracted by the fair hands that make it, Miss Stuart," said he, smiling.

Looking at him with all the grace and tenderness of her sex and nature, she returned no answer, but arose sud-



denly from the table, pretending to go and see whether her sister was going on accurately: he could perceive her handkerchief applied to her eyes; she would not suffer him to witness the tear that fell; but she soon returned, and the apology she offered for rising so abruptly, was very frankly received by him. Augustus now returned.

After tea he took occasion, in the absence of the musical and astronomical students, to hint to St. Clyde the pleasure Miss Eliza derived from the visits he paid the family; and added, that as he knew the presence of his friend delighted his sister, he hoped St. Clyde would repeat them more frequently: their father made him welcome, and if mothers did frown and forbid——

Eliza arose from the table. “Don’t leave us, Eliza; nobody in the room heard what I said; and if they both



did, if I have not expressed your feelings, 'tis because I have not understood a late conversation we had together."

"Mr. St. Clyde, I beg your pardon; it is just as I suspected: this youth has no bounds to his attachment; secrets he cannot keep: you imagine, Augustus, I need to be told how to respect your friend as if I had no respect for yourself."

"Very pretty indeed; didn't you—"

"This is too much, my dear Augustus. Miss Eliza, I beg your pardon, but your brother will joke with me, too, on a very delicate subject."

"There is no need, sir, for asking my pardon; all I request of you is to prevent, by your authority, this brother of mine from being gallant by impertinence."

"Forgive me, my dear sister; St. Clyde is not the first who has been gallant by proxy."

“There again, Augustus; did you ever read of a man being sick by proxy?”

“You hear with your own ears, St. Clyde, that Miss Eliza can be jocular when a joke will hide the disease she is labouring under.”

“Pray have done, Augustus; you are carrying the matter too far.”

“Well, well, my dear sister, we’ll give it over now: I shall not tease you so again, but I had taken a vow to tell St. Clyde.”

Thus ended this incidental chit-chat: it was interesting however to St. Clyde, and it was an innocent but terrible termination which Augustus gave their parting that evening.

“Good night! go straight home, St. Clyde; go to bed early, rise early, but do not awake in a reverie about our Eliza: and you, Miss Eliza, pray don’t

attempt to dream about my friend St. Clyde."

She was not a little chagrined at this speech ; but it was an endless work to banter with Augustus, who appeared intent on extorting from her a confession of a passion, the existence of which she did not think herself acquainted with ; for she was not ignorant that St. Clyde had too much respect for himself, to neglect his studies on any pretence whatever, and he was no favourite with her mother.

St. Clyde returned to his lodgings, filled with strange and unaccountable emotions, and strove to dissipate, by intense and abstruse studies, the remembrance of all he had that evening heard.

But the struggles between the duty and feelings of this interesting young lady, made her hope that a good night's

rest, and the early and continued duties of another day, would compose her mind, and leave not a nook where the image of St. Clyde might find refuge and repose.

The visits of St. Clyde to the family of Mr. Stuart were not kept secret from Levingstone; but he shut up in impenetrable darkness his knowledge of Eliza, and mentioned not even the name of this young lady, to one to whom in every thing else he laid open the innermost recesses of his ingenuous heart. And indeed, though Levingstone was acquainted with Augustus, he had never been at Mr. Stuart's house, and did not so much as know there was in existence the charming Eliza Stuart. But if the metaphysicians should not be able to account for so strange a tergiversation in the conduct of St. Clyde, every one, whether gentle

or simple, whether amorous or phlegmatic, that has felt the force of the pure and honest passion of this young man, can describe the symptoms of a disease which is too often too soon contracted, and too speedily, alas! cured by a very improper, and frequently by very illicit, regime.

## CHAPTER V.

Thither he hied, enamoured of the scene:  
For rocks on rocks, piled, as by magic spell,  
Here scorched with lightning, there with ivy green,  
Fenced from the north and east this savage dell ;  
Southward a mountain rose with easy swell,  
Whose long, long groves eternal murmur made ;  
And toward the western sun a streamlet fell,  
Where, through the cliffs, the eye, remote surveyed  
Blue hills, and glittering waves, and skies in gold  
arrayed.

Along this narrow valley you might see  
The wild deer sporting on the meadow ground,  
And here and there a solitary tree  
Or mossy stone, or rock with woodbine crowned :  
Oft did the cliffs reverberate the sound  
Of parted fragments tumbling from on high ;  
And from the summit of that craggy mound  
The perching eagle oft was heard to cry,  
Or on resounding wings to shoot athwart the sky.

BEATTIE'S MINSTREL.

THIS session at college glided away  
both agreeably and profitably to St.  
Clyde and Levingstone, and when they  
were about to separate, to go each to

the bosom of his family, their regret was alleviated by the reciprocal determination and avowal of mutual epistolary correspondence; for they both fancied they had yet two more sessions to be together at the university of Edinburgh. And whilst St. Clyde descanted on the necromantic art of writing, Levingstone observed there was one circumstance which very much depreciated its value; for "letters are records, and those who, like me, have had great packages of them by accident or carelessness submitted to their eye, will be diffident of committing to paper their hasty opinions, undigested sentiments, and careless effusions; most of all will they fear to chronicle the existing circumstances of their friends or of themselves, lest some unconcerned spectator should deride what he wants understanding or feeling to comprehend."



“ Well, then, my dear Levingstone, to put our letters on the footing with our conversations, let them, by mutual agreement, faithfully performed, be burned as soon as their intended end of communication is answered. We have much to be thankful for in the privilege in its ordinary state of security; and, perhaps, it is pride alone that thus shrinks from the possibility of an exposure of imperfections.”

“ That is not necessary either, my dear St. Clyde: we have had unsuspecting confidence in each other hitherto; and if I can keep my own secrets, those of my friend, whom I value as myself, can surely be preserved with the firmest inviolability.”

“ It is a bargain, Levingstone ; and let this pledge of my acquiescence in your opinion be the guarantee of the same fidelity on my part.”

In the same week they left Edin-

burgh in company with Augustus, who intended to go to Bute. They left the seat of learning with their minds all alive to the anticipation of future increased friendship ; and, taking a retrospective view of the advantages each had derived from the other, they looked back with satisfaction and regret, and they thought of the succeeding session with eager and lively hope.

From Glasgow, whither they had come from Edinburgh, Levingstone conducted St. Clyde and Augustus to his father's at Kelvin (for that was the name of the family-house of the Levingstone's). Kelvin lodge was situated on the acclivity of a hill that was washed by a rivulet of the same name ; and this hill in its turn was covered by an immense mountain, which, rising in a beautiful pyramidical form, was covered for three-fourths of its

height upwards by alternate portions of copse, heath, wood, grass and moss. —“And,” said St. Clyde, “its nodding plumes of pines bring to one’s mind the days when the plaids of our forefathers rushed down its sides with thirsty claymores, to drink the “life-blood of the red-hair’d Dane.”—“Or,” said Levingstone, “its waving pines, moaning and creaking in the wind, resemble the frailty of man in the storm of passion and affliction.”—“But I,” said Augustus, “am not so heroic nor so sage. Do you know, they put me in mind of the merry looks of the miller’s daughter, whom I met in my herbalizing walk last year.”

The lodge itself was an antique building, the description of which, to those who have seen it or others of the same date, would not be interesting; it was even of the age of Bethlem Hospital in Moorfields. Anne Bullen

soothed the rugged temper of her tyrant and prince when its foundations were laid. From its principal entrance sloped a fine declivity; and if we take into our view a hill that fenced the right wing of this front, and the declining roots of the crescent-formed mountain on its left, we shall have the picture of an ancient hall situate in the bosom of hills.

The road to the house was easy of access; though to a stranger advancing upon it from the distant military road, the acclivity to the lofty mansion looking difficult of access, gave it the appearance of an inaccessible ascent. Levingstone, St. Clyde, and Augustus entered this road by the gorge of a rock that dated its origin as far back as the flood, or some convulsion of which human records bore no memorial. On entering this gorge, the strangers remarked that the weather-beaten

rock seemed to threaten them with destruction by its direct perpendicular appearance; and an old tower, that called itself but the remains of an immense castle, reared its walls in the same plane with the face of the rock; and the goats, when they browsed on the top of this wall, seemed to question the doctrine of gravitation; or, if we suppose them ignorant of Newton's analysis, we must imagine that nature had given them the power of climbing like a woodpecker; for sure it is the goats of Kelvin tower climbed as well as greybeard could.

Still in advance some fifty yards of this rock and tower, reared its rugged heads another pile of rocks that formed as it were the advanced redoubt; and its sides and top were covered by some fine old birch-trees.

The roots of these rocks were hid by a string of houses inhabited by

poor but honest peasants ; on the left hand of this gorge stood the extreme end of a chain of rock that winded in an elegant serpentine form, from the hill on which Kelvin house stood ; and the southern face of this twisted mass was finely intersected by footpaths ; and a grove which the ancestors of Levingstone had allowed to form itself in the most romantic part of this crooked hill, gave it the appearance of laboured art, though in fact nature had not employed any neighbouring pictural and descriptive planner of rural scenery to lay it out to advantage ; and Mr. Levingstone gave the whole, at a small expense, the bewitching appearance, and in summer the luxuriance, of Italian scenery. Perhaps if Tasso had inhabited the grotto, whose Gothic rocky spires reared their rugged heads o'er this dense wood, the



world would have read of Kelvin grotto as a place in Fairyland.

Mr. Levingstone's ancestors were renowned in story for glorious deeds of arms. His own services, when his country's safety called for them, were performed with skill and valour; his hospitality was as free and liberal; and the fatigues he endured in the tented field, gave him a higher relish for the pleasures and comforts of domestic happiness, and the sweets of a country life. Formed by nature for bearing hardships, and trained by education for a life of fame, Mr. Levingstone's military career had scarcely begun, when his name shone by the development of those talents necessary for counsel and extensive command.

But by one of those fatalities which sometimes banish from the service abilities of the first class, he was soon



obliged to seek, in the bosom of his family, an equivalent for the fame and honour he found denied him in the active and hazardous life of a soldier. He returned to his family dissatisfied with the conduct of a favourite, who, having the "vantage ground," was shielded from merited punishment for conduct that disgraced the profession. If Levingstone left the army dissatisfied, because justice came before him with her hands chained, he was not discouraged by any fears of not finding happiness in the recollection of having done his duty. If he had been disappointed at not seeing a mercenary coward punished for not appearing with his regiment in the deadly breach, Levingstone was not vanquished, since the facts he undertook to prove were firmly established. The partiality of a minister rendered his prince's incli-

nation to allow the sentence of the court-martial to have its course, of no avail; and the same oblique policy that saved this alien officer was copiously lavished to white-wash his name, and retrieve his honour; but still there was no tongue between the bitter teeth of envy, to defame the name of Levingstone.

Yet with every good quality about him, Mr. Levingstone possessed the veriest eccentricities; for being himself an excellent classical scholar in his youth, in his old age he was constantly worrying Mrs. Levingstone with quotations from Seneca, Xenophon, Lucian, Cicero, and Tacitus; and the very day St. Clyde came to Kelvin, a long disquisition was gone into on some Roman coins, which had lately been dug up on Kelvin estate, but which had never been buried (Mr. Levingstone said) by any

Roman, since the vase that contained them was of ancient Caledonian manufacture.

Though Mrs. Levingstone thought the proper sphere of woman was modesty of character, especially as so many genuine qualities associate themselves in her whose heart never betrays any fears of being excelled, she could never look upon her husband nor hear him speak, even his tutored jargon, without deriving pleasure from the contemplation of his merits; and she felt herself reciprocally exalted in his estimation, by acknowledging the depth and extent of his learning.

## CHAPTER VI.

“ So soft, so delicate, so sweet she came,  
Youth's damask rose just mantling on her cheek ;  
I gazed, I sighed, I caught the tender flame,  
Felt the fond pang, and drooped with passion weak.”

IT was thus possessing that most fascinating ornament of female beauty, modesty, that Mrs. Levingstone rose in the esteem of all who knew her; and St. Clyde, from the first moment he saw her, looked up to her as to a mother, whose noble pride of conscious merit always in this respect exalts her mind to sentiments superior to those which rankle in the breast of her who is given to disputation with her husband, because his taste differs from hers on subjects that involve the omission of no known duty, nor sacrifice to any harmless ec-

centricity the essence of any domestic virtue.

It was also a peculiar trait in Mr. Levingstone's character, to feel his consequence greatly elevated in company when his guests touched upon the heroic deeds of his ancestors, particularly the exploits of his own father in Flanders under the duke of Marlborough; for it was his fixed opinion, that men could only preserve their freedom by asserting the privileges of free men; and if the remembrance of those, whose deeds of arms purchased that freedom, still dwelt in a parent's breast, the frequent narration of those deeds in his family, by making the names and memories of one's sires of old resound in the ears and thrill the hearts of their posterity, was a duty incumbent on every man who would not relapse from liberty to despotism and vindictive proscription.

St. Clyde listened with the deepest attention to Mr. Levingstone; but, as he thought the female part of the company slighted by the gentlemen engrossing the whole conversation; and, as he never spoke with the insulting condescension of masculine superiority, nor the still more aggravating exaggerations of ordinary gallantry; he contrived to introduce some chit-chat adapted to the taste of the ladies, and their discourse turned on female sensibility. This word had in those days carried a charm along with it; it had not, as now, been hackneyed by novelists, and bandied about from the milliner's work-table to the drawing-room of a princess: it was a sterling word from the days of Anne, till Cameron of Lochiel embarked with his Prince at Lochnanach, and arrived in safety at Roseau near Morlaix in Bretagne.

But the word Sensibility is still used by persons whose education and birth give them opportunities of seeing and knowing that refinement of mind and manners, without the whining affectation of a modern boarding-school miss of fifteen; without the vanity that hangs to the tawdry tinsel of romantic chivalry, when its real virtue and sincerity are vanished; without the pensive woe which we ridicule in a cheesemonger's daughter, who amid the fumes of a ripe Stilton weeps o'er the Mysteries of Udolpho, while her father is bawling to her to hand him two farthings for a halfpenny.

Mr. Levingstone argued that there were various causes which contributed to produce that acute sensibility discoverable in women; he thought that the Author of our being had given them all the senses and passions, feelings and prejudices, common to our



species, in a more elevated degree than he had given to men. And this he was certain was the primary cause: but the concatenation of secondary causes that lent their aid in support of feminine sensibility were as various as were the forms of the human countenance, or the changes of a northern atmosphere.

St. Clyde with great diffidence hinted at *modesty*, the most enchanting quality of a woman; which he thought, as far as his observation had gone, was the constant companion of genuine sensibility.

Mr. Levingstone had always found that where there was much sensibility, there was also a great portion of genuine modesty; and that it was as impossible for a lady of acute sensibility to be without modesty, as it was impossible for a modest woman to be destitute of sensibility: these quali-

ties, he affirmed, were twin sisters, and lived or died together; wherever the one displayed herself, the other from a sort of instinctive impulse,—they might call it principle if they pleased, or the anatomists of the human understanding might weigh the term in the metaphysical balance and determine its genuineness, for no grammarian, lexicographer, or rhetorician had defined it,—but wherever sensibility displayed her attractions, modesty drew down her veil, lest the spectators should be dazzled by the refulgent appearance of so much excellence: for, conscious of their respective and merited worth, they needed no meretricious attractions to shine by borrowed excellence.

Jessie Levingstone had been chiefly educated by her father, and could therefore hold a discourse with him on most subjects; and St. Clyde would have spared her the pain of hearing

his remarks praised, but she was delighted to hear her papa on his favourite theme. Whether it was to shine before the young collegiates by a display of knowledge, or from the force of habit in taking part with her father in every discourse and argument he engaged in, Jessie observed that she was aware her sex had a little more impatience of intellect than the other; yet it afforded her a rich repast to hear such freedom of discussion on the female character. She was thereby corrected, or improved, or riveted in her opinions, which she thought were grounded on experience; and she was sure ladies who were distinguished for the excellent qualities just mentioned, would feel enraptured only by hearing themselves praised by papa's decision, and she did not see how that decision could on any grounds be controverted.

Mrs. Burnfoot, who was also a visitor,

glanced a side-long look at Jesse, that spoke a volume of hatred and envy; and St. Clyde, who had caught her eye, by a steadfast but placid look so disconcerted the poor woman, that the sudden turn of her head in an opposite direction was visible to all the company; and the violent contortions of her countenance, which she strove instantly to compose, called down upon her head these observations from her husband Mr. Burnfoot.

“Setting aside the qualities which have already been acknowledged to be most engaging in woman, in every other respect women are what circumstances have made them; and all the qualities by which they may be distinguished in the division of the scale of human existence, or in any condition under that division, may be distinctly traced and referred to education, to the laws of the family they

have been born in, or to the jurisprudence of the country to which they owe their birth; but particularly to the treatment to which parents or guardians have subjected them, when they could not think for themselves, and by the most obvious consequences could not act but as infants."

"I do not know," replied Mrs. Burnfoot, "what some people mean by always talking about other people; but I am sure there are some people as good as other people, as well bred too, of as good families too, as well able to receive company too as some people. Yes! there are some people that would be admitted into any genteel company, though they had never seen some people. I know very well there are some people who would not find many a door open to them, if their connexion with some people did not give them a master key for that purpose."

This, all this, was spoken to her dear husband, who, because he was a poor man, had married this rich old woman; and he felt the full force of her torrent of speech, for he instantly begged Miss Levingstone to oblige him and the students with a little music.

Mrs. Burnfoot was requested by the company to sing; indeed this lady's failing lay in her boasted pedigree; she sung with great effect. The spacious drawing-room of Kelvin house was exactly what the compass of her voice wanted; for where her notes had room to swell they possessed a rich tone and powerful volume; and she executed some songs in so superior a style of taste, delicacy, and variety, that the company universally admired her; and Mr. Levingstone clamourously encored the following trifle:

THE drops of dew,  
Of di'mond hue,  
In myriad clusters round,



The morning's ray  
Shall chase away,  
Nor shall their trace be found  
Again;  
Nor shall their trace be found.

But O! what ray  
Can chase away  
The tear of wild despair;  
For ever fixed,  
By joy unmixed,  
Unmoved by all but care  
And love;  
Unmoved by all but care.

O! that a tear,  
So true and dear,  
Should ever flow in vain;  
The drops of dew  
Bring verdure new,  
The mourner's nought but pain,  
False maid!  
The mourner's nought but pain.

St. Clyde passed a few weeks at Kelvin in the most agreeable and entertaining manner. Mr. Levingstone read Homer with him, and studied botany under Augustus, who, from the profession for which he was intended,



could very well act the part of professor; and Mr. Levingstone would often say, he acquired more knowledge from the rambles he took with his young professor in the fields and adjoining woods and hills, than he had ever learned from books. Augustus had the address to conceal his irritable temper; perhaps no youth ever possessed a mind so constituted for forming itself to the situation and society into which it was thrown; and there certainly was much adroitness necessary to enable him to bridle his passionate temper, and behave submissively to Mrs. Burnfoot, who, more than once, railed on him in good earnest for presuming to instruct her husband and Mr. Levingstone. But the modesty and diffidence he put on, were partly the result of the force of education, and partly the effect of his acquaintance with St. Clyde. Colin

frequently warned him of the consequences of engendering a disposition of mind that might be set on fire by every trifling accident or provocation; and Augustus, who could ill brook the same admonition from his parents, listened to St. Clyde, and condescended to practise dissimulation; and to be modest, diffident, pliant in his manners, elegant in his conversation, and humble in his gait.

## CHAPTER VII.

And say, without our hopes, without our fears,  
Without the home that plighted love endears,  
Without the smile from partial beauty won,  
O! what were man?—a world without a sun.

CAMPBELL'S PLEASURES OF HOPE.

JESSIE LEVINGSTONE was an elegant woman, but she did not know it. In traversing the neighbouring fields, and woods, and glens, and hills with her father and our students, there were many and fair opportunities given to Augustus to make himself an interesting object to her. When the reader has pictured to himself one of the finest female forms, and is told that

Her eye was the morning's brightest ray,  
And her neck like the swans in Iona bay;  
Her teeth the ivory polished new,  
And her lip like the morel when glossed with dew;

While under her veil, as it waved in air,  
Were seen the ringlets of jet black hair :—  
Her breast was graceful and round withal,—  
Her leg was taper, her foot was small,  
And her tread so light that it flung no sound  
On listening ear, or echo around ;

he will not be astonished that Augustus, who had hitherto never formed any youthful attachment, should be captivated by Miss Levingstone. Nor have her beauty and elegant form been exaggerated: she was really what our verses have described her; and she had all the ardour of female youthful temperament to give, if possible, a still greater lustre to the finish which the lavish hand of nature had given her.

In the excursions which Mr. Levingstone's family and their visitors took, the grotto, a most retired retreat, was their general rendezvous; and this place afforded Augustus many facilities to render himself agreeable to Jessie. Here was an elegant classical scholar,

and a man of science too, thrown out of all his philosophy in a "little month," and now displaying all the virtues of a passion that rendered his rugged temper the resting-place of docility. Indeed there never was a conversion so complete. He was quite a new man; the ease, the softness, and the grace of Jessie's temper did every thing. He made no attempt to inspire her with the passion he had received in so lively a manner from her modest blush and animated features; her sweet temper conspired to impart to his a docile ease, of which few instances could be produced as the mere effect; the force of a passion very opposite to what he displayed when his mother charged him not to intrude on her family any of his fellow-students. And there were no attentions, came from this innocent artless maid to set forth her charms; indeed she was not aware

she possessed the talents for drawing forth the lavish commendations, which Augustus bestowed,—a virtuous education, the prime and bloom of woman, those sweetly-delicious conversations, those private lonely interviews, that something which a mysterious confidence, an innocent complaisance bestow, and every thing else the reader can supply: we will not ransack the ingredients further ;

For love pursues an ever devious race,  
True to the winding lineaments of grace.

It was so, and there the matter must rest. Augustus was precipitated from the high throne of philosophy and an unbending mind; and he and Jessie, true to nature's kindest teaching, were soon and imperceptibly of the same feelings. She was happy only when she caught his smile, or caught with rapture every word that 'scaped his balmy lips.

Whenever Colin found this unconsciously loving pair in the grotto, and observed the dumb language of their eyes, and contrasted with this the calm and serenity which he saw reign in this solitude, the grief that consumed him in reflecting on the feelings which Eliza seemed to be possessed with when he parted from her, was rendered exquisitely lively and bitter. Friendship, which in the world is hardly a sentiment, was a passion in Kelvin grotto. Jessie, by that indescribable sensibility reason has no sway over, had attracted entirely to herself the heart of Augustus. Pleasure was a shadow, love was their dream; their hearts, full of each other, exhaled that mutual consolation which the silence of the lips gives to the eyes. These two virtuous hearts, formed for each other, thought it not criminal to seek each other, and to attract and captivate re-



ciprocally ; but the eloquence of their eyes spared these two lovers' delicacy even in the confession of those tender inquietudes which sometimes afflict love. At length it became this,—when Augustus perceived in the eyes of Jessie any mark of sorrow, it was to him as if all nature had been eclipsed ; and when she saw him sad, she supposed herself always the cause ; but Augustus, now the most amiable of men to be loved, would dissolve and dissipate her grief and wildest sorrow by reproaching himself with their mutual faults.

Jessie, now in the bloom of her youth, and fired with a passion whose effects she could not easily conceal, had all of beauty which is the image of a sensible heart ; but sorrow and tears had taken off its freshness, like a rose which the sun has withered, but which still leaves us capable of judging, in its lan-

guishing state, of all the beauty it had in the morning. And Mrs. Levingstone perceived the altered colour of her daughter; and, when she had made several metaphysical experiments, the labour of which she might have dispensed with by one minute's retrospective gaze at the honey-moon of sensibility and mutual temperament herself had gone through, she announced to her husband the discovery she had made; but he gave her very little encouragement.

“My dear, these things will be so; it is folly to offer to prevent them, unless we could follow Æneas where

*Lethæumque, domus placidas qui prænatat, amnem;*  
where you and I, my love, could see

*Animæ, quibus altera fato  
Corpora debentur, Lethæi ad fluminis undam  
Securos latices et longa oblivio potant.*

But Mrs. Levingstone was not an imperious mother; she had the fullest

confidence in the prudence of her daughter ; she was the very reverse of Mrs. Stuart. In fact, the education of Jessie was of that description, which should form the mind for excellence, and preserve it from the deceitful snares of the seductive principles of any artful, designing villain ; and every thing Mrs. Levingstone had seen about Augustus, confirmed her secret opinion, that Jessie might make a worse choice.

## CHAPTER VIII.

Beside, he was a shrewd philosopher,  
And had read every text and gloss over:  
Whate'er the crabbed'st author hath,  
He understood by implicit faith:  
Whatever sceptic could enquire for,  
For every why, he had a wherefore.

HUDIBRAS.

MR. LEVINGSTONE was the patron of an author who lived at Kilpatrick, and this man now joined our students at Kelvin. He had along with him several bundles of manuscript: one of these was a history of Scotland he had been composing; and nothing would do, but young Levingstone, Stuart, and St. Clyde, having been bred at the university of Edinburgh, must hear the outline of this history. The author thought, as his young friends were but

little acquainted with the snares of the world, and as they might soon be going into it, they might derive some little profit from his history. Mr. Levingstone, when the discourse turned on the world, was sure to rap out one of Cato's distichs—

Rebus et in censu si non est quod fuit ante,  
Fac vivas contentus eo, quod tempora præbent:

and he insisted on the author, not only reading the out-line of his history, but on his staying a week with them, whilst they might enjoy his lucubrations, before the world was visited by their benign influence.

The students thought Mr. Levingstone was quizzing the hero of the quill; but our author did not think so. He acknowledged the honour done him: “if there was any merit in his compositions, the development of that merit was owing entirely to the generosity of his patron; if his works were in any

possible degree tainted with unpopular opinions, his patrons were not accountable for his errors."

The author first began to show, that "Scotland and its islands measured in extent to about the half of England, or the whole of Ireland; and, exclusive of the islands, above twelve millions of acres were cultivated lands; and," said this knowing man, "the remainder of the surface is occupied by lakes and rivers:" on these, and their inhabitants, he dwelt more largely than we wished to be detained.

When he came to touch on the shires, he could make out thirty-three in all; but he was greatly puzzled to satisfy his own mind, that there should only be thirty representatives sent to parliament; and when he came to the chapter of royal boroughs, which, though sixty-eight in all, sent only fifteen members, he lamented deeply the

union, and had two full chapters to prove how much Scotland had lost by the thistle being joined with the rose; and all Colin's reasoning to prove that their native land had gained, and that very considerably, by the union, served only to enable the author to find fresh arguments on the other side of the question.

There was a full chapter devoted to each of the four universities; ten chapters were taken up with the nine hundred and fifty parishes; two with the seventy-eight presbyteries; eleven with the fifteen synods; and a whole book with the general assembly. St. Clyde was very much struck with the disproportion here; but the author said sharply, "he had been bred for the church," but with a sigh added,

"Amans quid cupiat, scit; quid sapiat, non videt."  
There were, he showed in one chapter, "one million and above six hun-



dred thousand people in Scotland," of whom one-eighth were Highlanders. "Here," said he, "here is a race of brave fellows, hardy, temperate, industrious;" but, "he was sorry to say, there were many reeds amongst those oaks, many who would bend in the storm sooner than snap and be done with it."

His next bundle of manuscript notes were on the Scots being descended from the North Britons, distinguished anciently by the name of Caledonians. On this word he dwelt largely, and had more than two hundred old songs and ballads collected, to trace the current of opinion respecting the notables this land in early times could boast.

Colin was anxious to know which of their descendants the work was to be dedicated to; but he could get nothing satisfactory, as the author had "*a plan of his own*," and he did not

know but he might dedicate the entire work to his majesty then reigning; and the chapters in succession to the nobles and barons and squires of his native land; the chapters on the church he would inscribe respectively to the most worthy of his brethren; those on the universities to the principals of each college; that on commerce to two eminent merchants in Glasgow; that on agriculture to the agricultural society of Great Britain; that on botany to the Linnean society; that on mineralogy to the memory of the celebrated Dr. H.; and here he ran on about copper, lead, iron, and gold mines, pebbles, agates, pearls, crystals, alum, flint, marble, free-stone, granite, slate, lime-stone, coals, fullers-earth, and potters-clay, till St. Clyde thought he should never get to an end: but he ceased not to go very fully into all the kinds of grain; and to enumerate ho-

ney, fruits, roots, timber, grasses, flax, hemp, fern, kelp; and horses, black cattle, sheep, goats, swine, deer, hares, game of all kinds, wild and tame, fresh and salt water-fowl, came rank and file more numerous than the wants of the universe might, to one born within the sound of Bow bells, seem to require.

When he spoke of the numerous canals, the bays and lakes, an alderman would have licked his lips at the mention made of prodigious quantities of turbot and salmon and cod; and the shoals of ling, tusk, herrings, whittings, haddock, skate and mackerel, would have joyed the Billingsgate folks and their retail Irish fish-pedlars. The estimate of the eels would have sent all Southwark up to the eel-pie house; and the trout, pike, char, muscles, crabs, lobsters, oysters and other valuable fishes with and without armour,

would have made the butchers of Leadenhall-market stare, as though Smithfield-market would be shut and the trade come to *nought*.

Colin and his fellow-students wished of all things to get away from the author; but that was impossible; they had not yet heard of “their monarchy” of unknown antiquity. Fire sparkled in his eyes, and his look assumed a joy that almost said the poor author felt proud, when he descanted on the royal sceptre having remained in the same family since the departure of the Romans, who were now no longer

“Romanos rerum dominos, gentemque togatam.”

“Yes!” continued the author, “since the departure of the Romans to his present majesty—a succession which for duration has no equal in the history of nations.”

But here the poor author forgot himself, and began to deplore in bitter

terms the fatal 1603; “ then was Scotia’s crown united to that of England. Alas!” continued he, “ that James VI. of Scotland ever did so! And yet *our southern brethren* think us foreigners, not remembering they *are governed by a Caledonian monarch!* And then there’s the black 1707; but, sir,” looking Colin full in the face, “ let us remember the memorable words of the Mantuan bard,

- - Revocate animos, mœstumque timorem  
Mittite. Forsan et hæc olim meminisse juvabit.

This man was going to Edinburgh to publish “ a commentary on the Song of Solomon;” and, without asking whether there was such a thing as delicacy in devotion, and the adoration of that Great Being who fills all space and exists through all eternity, this clerical man stunned the ears of the ladies by illustrations which Ovid and Catullus would have been ashamed to offer in

defence of the worship of Jove, but which Anacreon might mingle with the loves of Venus.

The author had just ended, when Mr. Maclean came to Kelvin to bring home the young St. Clyde.

## CHAPTER IX.

What, in the very first beginning!  
Shame of the versifying tribe!  
Your history whither are you spinning?  
Can you do nothing but describe?

GRAY.

THE dominie had been sent express for Colin. The mass of intellect now gathered together at Kelvin, could not meet without eliciting far more than the elements of moral, political, physical, and mathematical science. These great men had left, for many years, the first principles and rudiments of science, and were now going on to perfection: the dominie was skilled in logic and the mathematics, in both of which he had excelled when at college; for he had really carried away the palm one year



by a theme on Geometrical Analysis ; though, from the hard brows of fate, he could never wrest a wreath with which to deck his temples, more honourable than a bough from a scarce plant, called, by the offspring of the gods, gratitude.

It was this wreath the good man wished to be crowned with : he thought he had earned it, his scholars were not ignorant of his merits, their hearts were not insensible to the voice of nature ; and it happened that they felt the roots of the plant the offspring of the gods were permitted to name, shooting their crooked, creeping fangs all o'er their hearts ; the soil was good, the early and the latter rain fell, the beams of the sun ripened the plant to maturity ; and the scholars of Mr. Maclean individually crowned their master with a garland of gratitude.

The *clerical* author was more ambi-

tious. The weakness of his own sex, and the frailty of the other, had conspired against the peace of this child of misfortune. Placed at his ease in a pleasant parish, with a neat manse, where any bachelor might have passed his days in holy continency, till the offer of some fair damsel's hand had made Cœlebs no longer the devotee of celibacy; but upon an unlucky night, the powerful god of the grape, and the mistress of Vulcan, the queen of kisses, assailed our author as he returned from a public dinner; and a girl of too easy virtue had reason to curse the day she ever became known to this man.

It is difficult for a good man to gain the threshold of vice; but having set his foot on it, the scenery on the right and on the left, and the variegated lawn as far as his eye can reach, the lusciousness of the fruit, the zest and appetite its various hues create, the

foliage which hides the rotten trunks ; the gay attire in which the inhabitants of this garden promenade its flowery walks ; the sweetness of the voices of those whose province it is to allure and entice ; the paradoxical effect of satiety creating satiety ; this, and more than this, tended to make this author's mind so succulent to the lower order of his passions, that twelve months had not listened to his voice from the pulpit, when church-censures, curses, presbytery supreme, declared our author's divinity lay all in feeling, and he was ejected the church. But not discouraged by the sentence of the general assembly, which o'er his cups this sinful exasperated man called, "Edina's Furnace of Thunder," our hero of the quill, now the father of a fine infant boy, commenced author in good earnest ; and though the essay illustrative of the "Song of songs" was to appear

anonymous, yet the history in hand was to bear the author's name; and light pieces, that owed their existence to what he termed recreative composition, were to appear under the fictitious names of

INDIVIDUALITY, a Tale, by a Rosicrucian Virtuoso—

DIVERSITY, a Tale, for every rank in Society, by Crysado Barnacle—

PROBABILITY, a Novel, by Hermes Trismegistus—

CIRCUMSTANCE, a Novel, by Patri-  
cius Whackum—

RESOLUTION, a Tale, by Fabricius Raza.

The company were soon heartily tired of this author,—not that there was not occasionally the most awkward bashfulness and vacancy about him; not that he “ever and anon” besought the company to give him their opinion

on this form of expression, the construction of that sentence, the correctness of this simile, and the aptness of that allegory—no ! but they were tired of him because he was—an author ! And the dominie, in distinction to his able antagonist, grew a favourite both with the ladies and the gentlemen : he was the tutor of St. Clyde ; nay more, he was the friendly man whom prosperity could not elate nor adversity cast down ; whom contradiction could not anger, nor oneness of sentiment make proud ; whom affliction could not swallow up, nor health make haughty ; whom mirth could not intoxicate nor hope seduce ; and he never addressed St. Clyde but with the language of kindness and friendship, and that tone of voice that indicates respect, truth, and love. His was the father's speech, the good man's advice, the Christian's

company; and Mr. Levingstone felt it, and all the persons in that house confessed it.

Mr. Levingstone and the dominie were excellent company; and Augustus and St. Clyde willingly listened to the discourse as it rolled on their ears in pitiless volubility, cracking contradiction, cramming demonstration, and irresistible consequence: whatever might be the subject, there never was any lack of words with the dominie; whatever might be the argument, there was not a strong hold, in retreat or advance, the dominie did not know well. In short, he was so completely versed in the *geography* of an argument, that he advanced, or rested on his arms, or retreated with his forces, with as much certainty as he would have turned the globe, and laid his thumb on Athens and his fore-finger on Rome.

The dominie ceased to argue, and



left room for Mr. Levingstone to enquire of Augustus how his brother Charles was; for Augustus had then begged the company's pardon whilst he read a letter the servant brought him. "Charles," said Mr. Levingstone, "has finished a regular course of academical studies; you may hope, and justly, that he will rise in the profession—rise, shine, with a pair of epaulets very soon! Yes, thank God! our fleets are not officered by children, nine-tenths of whom, as midshipmen, cannot write a letter orthographically correct: let us dread if a time should arrive when the fleets of Great Britain shall be officered by boys, who, as to the science of grammatical syntax, the elements of mere epistolary composition, the principles of geometry and the rudiments of plane trigonometry—for I would not expect in boys the address of an old captain in making a lunar



observation—boys who know as much of these primary branches of necessary education, as they do of the matter of which one of Jupiter's satellites is composed."

Mr. Levingstone would have gone on for a long time; but the author interrupted him, and the students went to walk to the grotto; St. Clyde and Antony walked together, and Augustus followed with Jessie.

These young men were not merely friends on the narrow principle of instructing and being instructed, since their friendship, in that case, might have ceased with the reciprocity of scholastic duties: St. Clyde and Antony Levingstone were united to each other by observing the one in the other a similarity of disposition, a coincidence in the tenor of each other's mind, which the selfish principles of gain never produce; and they found

that they had, as the opportunities increased of scanning narrowly the motives of their friendship, observed in each other a gradual developement of manly feeling, far above the littleness of cupidity and the fear of being excelled. Their attachment was cemented more closely at Kelvin by the retrospection of the grand essentials of character they could retrace in each other; and it was thus, by the solid principles of a very refined philosophy, that the esteem and friendship which school-boy attachment (with deference to the rector, and the Olney bard's *Tirocinium* be it spoken) had at first conciliated: they now immolated even the anticipation of all the unmanly pruriency and tasteless voluptuousness, into which the gratification of the selfish principles might propel them, when left to the chances and disastrous results of the society and fashions of

life. They lived in Edinburgh above the muddy elements of the ignobler passions; and from this high throne, on which the sobriety of reason; and pure morality, and unmixed honour had seated them, viewed around them many a coxcomb and would-be man of fashion, because he was the son of a gentleman, sink into ennui, and perish by irretrievable moral imbecility.

When they conversed on their separation, and turned their thoughts on the friendly hours they had passed together, they could not help feeling a degree of pain at the arrival of the period when the name of Bute should separate their social, well-tried, truly profitable day of friendship. St. Clyde looked upon his return to Bute with that mingled pleasure, with which the toil-worn traveller looks upon his native hills and cliffs, whose ample sha-

dows darken all the well-known landscape, and give enchantment to the view; and, casting his mind still forward on the journey of life, he surveyed with partial delight the promised joys of that portion of life's unmeasured way, when, safely arrived at independent ease, the scenes of happiness at Edinburgh that he now could dimly draw in transient retrospection, would be a second time realized and rendered infinitely greater by the friendship of Eliza Stuart: and that potent spirit which guides the raptured soul to pierce the shades of murky futurity; that spirit that pours remotest rapture on the sight, and calls each slumbering passion into play; it was hope, sweet cheerer of darkness and friend of noon-day, that charmed St. Clyde's bewildered senses, whilst his mind was wrapped up in the most profound reflections on his fate.

But they returned from the grotto to the house; and the day was spent in the usual style of Mr. Levingstone's remark, *les hommes sont nés pour la société*; and those who were going off, to wit, the dominie, St. Clyde, and the author, made every preparation to leave Kelvin next morning at an early hour.

The dominie returned a thousand thanks for the kindnesses he and St. Clyde had received from Mr. Levingstone; and the gratitude of the author was to be expressed in twenty stanzas of Alcæan or Melesigenean verse; but the dominie, at the mention of this method of being grateful for the hospitality they had enjoyed, exclaimed, "*Je ne voudrois pas être roi*, with such a bard for my laureat;" and all the company were so much pleased with the honesty of his observation,

that the name of Mr. Maclean passed at Kelvin for the name of a free and independent man.

## CHAPTER X.

And then a soldier, full of strange oaths,  
And bearded like the pard.

SHAKSPEARE.

COLIN left Kelvin much pleased with the reception he had received from Mr. Levingstone, and with the continued attentions of the old gentleman and his lady. As soon as he got home, his father announced to him, that there was a prospect of a commission being obtained for him in the Highland Watch, or 42nd regiment.

It was the earl of B—— who had offered the laird this for Colin. His lordship was a nobleman of the old school; nothing gave him greater pleasure than to bring forward the opening genius and abilities of the



youth in the island ; and there was no young man of more promising talents than Colin.

Next day he waited on his lordship, who received him in the most handsome manner ; and, having asked him into his library, desired him to be seated, and sat down beside him. This reception was that of a friend rather than a patron ; and his lordship having laid before him the prospects there were of his succeeding in the army, lifted from the table a package, and taking him by the hand, “ Mr. St. Clyde, you will confer a pleasure on my interview with you, by allowing me to present you with this commission : you will now prepare yourself to raise your recruits ; there will be a serjeant here in a few days ; I will use my influence with the young fellows of the island ; you shall have the finest of them in your company : Dunmorven,

your colonel, is my very particular friend; he will be yours also; may many blessings attend you."

Colin thanked his lordship, and felt the gratitude his tongue could but feebly express. His lordship kept him to dinner; and the brilliancy of his conversation in the evening served to convince Colin, that the title his patron bore was not misplaced; that great as the honours were, which from the high office he filled had been lavished on him, all the noble qualities which had shone through a long line of ancestry were not quenched, but retained their renowned and disinterested energy in its fullest strength. He was none of those

"With infamy too nauseous to be named;  
Fops at all corners, lady-like in mien;  
Civetted fellows, smelt ere they are seen;  
Else coarse and rude in manners, and their tongue  
On fire with curses, and with nonsense hung;

Now flushed with drunkenness, now with whoredom pale;

Their breath a sample of last night's regale."

Colin left Mount-Stuart house in the style of an ingenuous youth: the inhabitants of those parallels of latitude south of the Tweed, would perhaps have called it "booing;"—but,

"Quod satis est, cui contigit, nihil amplius optet."

A sufficient number of recruits was to be an equivalent for a company in the regiment; and the Laird St. Clyde received a letter from the colonel, congratulating him on his son's going into the Highland watch. The colonel had made his arrangement with the commander in chief for St. Clyde's complement of men; twenty were to suffice; the colonel was the friend of his lordship the earl of B——, and the earl was the friend of St. Clyde.

The serjeant arrived; Colin now

assumed the dress of his corps; he visited the rendezvous; he was every thing with the recruits; they were every thing to him: he would mingle in their merry-makings; converse familiarly with each; visit the houses of their parents, and especially Mill-hole. Mr. Gillies' youngest son was the first recruit he got; and young Gillies was the son of parents who were removed from the pinching cares of poverty; the young fellow was St. Clyde's foster-brother; and he would go with him, to the grief of his parents, and the joy of St. Clyde.

Levingstone, true to his promise, wrote St. Clyde, who received the letter on a Sunday as he was going to the kirk: it was even thought by the people on the road, as they passed him, musing over its contents, that the young laird derived pleasure from

reading a letter on Sunday, that might not “ hae ae word o’ grace in’t.”

St. Clyde’s letter had arrived on the Friday, though he did not get it till Sunday. The Laird St. Clyde had about this time reminded Mr. Mac-taggart of his duty, and warned him of the risk he ran of losing the post he held under the government of the land, if he persisted in a species of negligence to the duties of his office. Mac-taggart, though the post-master, was also the chief blacksmith on the island; and his house was the best inn in the town. The reproof of St. Clyde but hardened this man’s heart.

“ Sandy, ye manna gang yoursel to the auld birkie’s wi’ this letter the day,” said Mactaggart to his boy; “ gif ony neebour frae the neist town come be-live, ye can gi’ him it, for I canna mysel nae mair gar ye gang, as I hae

mony a time gar'd ye gang dancing like a cotter's wean, wha maun rin half breathless wharever the gentry o'er the muir wad send them, an' nae their ain servants; as the auld St. Clyde the ither day sent wee Davie Grahame: his egg has ay twa youks, Sandy my man; an ye ken ill workers are ay gude to-putters." This hint was sufficient. Sandy, who was none of the cleverest boys to run an errand, declared, " he wad nae gang to the Caim of St. Clyde wi' the letter: it might lie till Sunday, like Mr. Gillies's."

That Sunday was the day, on which, for the third time, the banns were to be published between Andrew Gillies, brother to Colin's foster-brother, and Peggy of Birgadale. The wedding had been fixed on before St. Clyde received his commission; and though the conduct of the foster-brother in enlisting was a source of grief to Mr. Gillies'

family, a letter from Dunmorven to St. Clyde, assuring him that the foster-brother of his son would yet be made an ensign, dissipated the gloom an event of so disagreeable a nature might have cast over the bridal day, and filled every breast with gladness; and, according to the plans of the old people, the marriage was to take place on the day following, on Monday.

Andrew's father was respectable, though not rich; young Gillies himself was one of the most handsome fellows in the country. Peggy had just gone o'er her teens; her father was a plain honest farmer. Peggy was younger than any of her brothers, who were all unmarried; nor had any of Andrew's sisters been yet led to the altar of Hymen. The first wedding in either of these families was opening scenes the young people had hitherto beheld only as spectators; the old



people would have the first marriage tied by the united aid of their relations, to the remotest verge of consanguinity. Accordingly, on the bride's side, all her relations far and near were invited; and there was none of the bridegroom's relations who was not bidden to Millhole, to the first wedding in William Gillies's family. The young people, the brothers and sisters of Andrew and Peggy, were fired with curiosity to see how it would go off. Indeed every young lad and lassie invited, was delighted at the thought of so fine an opportunity of shining on Peggy's wedding-day.

The old people, Mr. and Mrs. Gillies, and Peggy's parents, had every child and every servant put in requisition on the preceding Saturday in making preparations for the joyful day; but it was a mournful day, that Saturday, to two sheep, four lambs, a

fine heifer, and hens, and ducks, and geese without reckoning. From the lambs were made four haggises; from the heifer, blood and suet puddings; and the offal of the ducks and geese was converted into gibblet-pies.

Gillies was a farmer as well as a miller; his barn was new, large, and clean. It was there that, on Saturday, two rows of tables and forms, measuring forty feet each, were securely fixed for the wedding folks; and at one end was a table erected at right angles to those parallel ones, for that one was expressly for the bride and bridegroom, their fathers and mothers, their brothers and sisters, their grandfathers and grandmothers, their uncles and aunts; and old arm chairs, covered with leather, were placed there for the Laird St. Clyde, the laird's lady, the minister and his wife, and the dominie.

All these preparations, with a plenti-

ful supply of whisky, were the labour of Saturday, as not one of these primitive people would break the Sabbath by doing what might and ought to be done on another day.

On Monday morning, according to agreement, Gillies's family and his relations breakfasted at Peggy's father's house, with her family and relations; and those who were not relatives, but were invited to the wedding, met the bride and bridegroom and their friends at the kirk, or came to the wedding dinner at the appointed hour.

The breakfast was one of those our great lexicographer and moralist would have thought worthy of that name; and, except Peggy and her mother, Andrew's sisters and his mother, the guests did honour to the ling-fish and dried haddocks, to the white puddings, the eggs and the ham: the tea and the coffee were made by Lucky Mackinlay;

and Lucky Mackirdy, the change-keepers and blacksmith's wife at the ferry, dealt around the unadulterated whisky to the last cup of tea.

The cotters and their sons, who had come from miles around, were busy getting the horses fed and saddled, whilst the breakfast company were gay in Birgadale barn ; and now the whole group assembled, were summoned by Mr. Maclean, the parish school-master, "to join with him in singing to the Lord the hundred and twenty-eighth psalm;" after which he exhorted them all "to join with him in asking Heaven's benison on what they were going to be engaged in that day."

It was a pleasant sight to see this good man raise with closed eyes his face to heaven, and with out-stretched arms crave the blessing of the Author of that institution, on the marriage of Andrew and Peggy. All the company

present, with fervently pious look to the ground, joined in the ardent desire of Mr. Maclean's soul in this truly praise-worthy and reasonable piece of devotion. Though the prayer was long, it was not filled with vain repetition ; and when the pious man ended, the company thought he had just led them to Pisgah's top !

## CHAPTER XI.

A blythesome rout that morning tide,  
Had sought the chapel of St. Bride;  
Her troth Tombea's Mary gave,  
To Norman, heir of Armandave.

SCOTT.

Now they are mounted, saddle-horse and cart-horse received one honour in this cavalcade. And the old folks, who could not ride, were drawn in carts. It was a quick pace, or at times a slow trot, at which the ground was paced from Peggy's father's door to the kirk; and there they were met by more than a score of the wedding people who had not been with them at breakfast. And the bell it rung merrily, merrily. The little boys and girls and all the collies in the country side were there, and amongst the rest

was Sandy Glass. Sandy was not an idiot, and he was not *compos mentis*: he was silly, cunning, lazy, though generally innocent, sometimes mischievous; the whole island called him a fool; some people said he was “mair rogue than fool;” others were “decidedly of opinion he wanted intellect;” and yet he was not deficient in a species of knowledge, that rendered him the sport of the youngers, and the pity of the old; and Sandy either repeated or verified,

That sure as light flows frae the sun,  
Frae love proceeds complying.  
Can Peggy greet when a's sae blyth?  
Can naething gi' her heart delight?  
Peggy is wi' Andrew come,  
Peggy is wi' Gillies come;  
We a' may dance, we a' may sing,  
Peggy is wi' Gillies come:  
O fie! O fie! thou bonny bride,  
Dost grieve because it is thy wedding?

It was a tear that Sandy Glass saw fall from the eye of Peggy that seemed



to rouse his powers; and, determined to dispel the gloom, and make Peggy as happy as he felt himself, the poor lad not only sung but “danced in the church-yard,” and capered in the van with all the mirth and nimbleness of a being that was elevated by the highest joy.

Mr. Thornhill, the clergyman, was a pattern of excellence and goodness: he knew his duties and he performed them; but he was not one of those austere monks who publicly preach good works and virtuous conduct, and privately do wrong. He was not the bottle companion of any man; but he would not refuse to lend his company and his time to any innocent merry-making party of his respectable parishoners; and to-day he was particularly engaged. Laird St. Clyde and his son were invited to the wedding, as were Mrs. St. Clyde and her two daughters.

The mother and the young ladies declined the invitation, but St. Clyde himself and Colin were standing in one corner of the church-yard with the Rev. Mr. Thornhill, when the whole company arrived. The song and dance of Sandy Glass particularly struck Colin St. Clyde, who hitherto never took any pains to remark him; but the words and deeds of Sandy were not this day so easily to be got rid of, not only by Colin, but by the spectators. When the whole company had got fairly into the church, the clergyman and the laird entered. Sandy Glass kept close to the minister's side. Colin St. Clyde took a seat at a distance, being almost a stranger, as for several years he had not been much in his native place.

Within the walls of this sacred house, all was silence and fixed attention. The blush of innocence and bashfulness was mingled on the cheeks of

Peggy, with the strongest mark of esteem and tender affection; when, the best man having pulled the glove from Andrew's right hand, and the best maid the glove from Peggy's, Mr. Thornhill put her hand into Andrew's, and gave them his blessing.

There was not wanting, to add lustre to the beauty of this artless maid's good face, a shower of pearly drops, which the agitation into which so impressive and tender a scene threw her, prevented from not escaping the eyes of the spectators. There were more wet cheeks there that day: the mothers of this faithful pair, even the fathers, the sisters, and many others, evinced their affection for Peggy by weeping with her.

Nature presided at this feast of genuine friendship, and gave an impulse to the single, simple, will of all. Sandy Glass was not conscious that he

had done amiss till the sexton asked him next Sunday, "why he grat like ony lassie." It was one of those scenes our nature can support for a moment, as by the effect it produces, she fits us for the sterner trials of life, and leaves herself at liberty, at any future time, to be prepared to take a part in the joys or sorrows of those we esteem and love.

There was also present a stranger, whom the duties of his profession had sent thither, and who, for any other than St. Clyde's sake, would be loaded with the curses of seventeen mothers; not that he had broken any of the laws of the land, but he had torn from their embraces their seventeen sons. He was St. Clyde's sergeant from the 42d regiment, and he had been pretty successful in enlisting these seventeen fine young men, not three

of whom, as Sandy Glass was wont to say,

“Durst any ten some French them take,  
But down to endless nicht they’d fa’,  
Weel noyted o’ their pows.”

And sergeant Macbean came unbidden to the church to see the wedding; but he was a discreet man, and though “he wed awa the flowers o’ the forest,” even the sorrowing mothers were pleased to see him there. The sergeant also went regularly to hear Mr. Thornhill of a Sunday, and the minister himself would, at times, listen to Angus Macbean’s tales of battles and marches; and as many idle spectators came to the church, the dutiful soldier was anxious to try his fortune, even there, among the young lads from a distance. He was going to his regiment in a week, and he wanted just twenty recruits with

him: if he got twenty, young St. Clyde would be made an ensign; of his own promotion Macbean had little more to hope.

## CHAPTER XII.

And issuing from the Gothic arch,  
The bridal now resumed their march.  
In rude, but glad procession, came  
Bonnetted sire, and coif-clad dame ;  
And plaided youth, with jest and jeer,  
Which snooded maiden would not hear ;  
And children, that, unwitting why,  
Lent the gay shout their shrilly cry ;  
And minstrels that in measures wild  
Before the young and bonny bride,  
Whose downcast eye and cheek disclose  
The tear and blush of morning rose.

SCOTT'S LADY OF THE LAKE.

AS soon as the ceremony was performed by the Rev. Mr. Thornhill, the young men who were selected to ride home with the news to Mr. Gillies' house set off at full gallop, striving who should be first there. The road was none of the best; and to take a shorter cut, they rode round a projecting rock, at



the base of which there was a fine sand bank, which, at high water, was covered three feet deep by the neap tides; but though the tide was rising, and their horses were up to their knees, these mad-caps, spurring them on, got on terra firma once more, but splashed over head and ears.

The procession and cavalcade began to descend the lawn before the churchyard; by and bye came out Peggy, and now was the scramble among the young farmers to get the first buss of the bride; it was not permitted, by immemorial custom, for the bridegroom to turn a voluptuous meacock already. Now they are advancing to Mr. Gillies' house, Sandy Glass in the van even of the pipers and fiddlers: Robin Glen-deroy was the chief piper, and Jamie Little was master of the violin; but both were famed for vocal as well as instrumental music.

Sandy Glass's mother was a frugal cotter: the laird of St. Clyde would never let Sandy want clothes; and on this day the poor lad was dressed out in his best, and he had decked his bonnet with the feathers of a heath-cock, in imitation of Sergeant Macbean's bonnet. The sergeant and Sandy were particular friends; indeed Sandy would have gone along with the sogers, but he said his "mither wad greet." For that day, for the first time of his life in summer, was Sandy allowed to put on his shoes and stockings.

The most cheerful and happy would have envied the bliss that was diffused through every breast in this company; and the distance it had to travel, though nearly three miles, seemed not a furlong. Sandy Glass was every where, in the van, on the flanks, in the centre, at the rear; whether the cavalcade was marching in close column, on a

good road, and o'er the muir, or defiling through the glen, or forming into solid column at its gorge, poor Sandy must needs speak to every one: every body knew him, and he knew every body; and the little attentions Peggy paid his ingenuous looks and wily smiles so dazzled him, that, at a burn the whole company had to ford, Sandy seized Peggy's horse's bridle, and, with an effort above himself, got the pretty woman into his arms, and was through the water with her before her husband missed her from the saddle. The bridegroom did not thank him for this piece of gallantry, but Peggy did; and all the men cried, "Well done, Sandy; ye'll be a man before your mither."

Now they are arrived at Mr. Gillies' house; and after putting up in the stables, and cowhouses, and outhouses, the horses of St. Clyde, Ashcolme, Boganny, Ambrisbeg, and Glenbowie,

the horses of almost all the others could not find room under cover that night at Millhole, and were turned out into an adjoining field to browse: but it would have been no compliment to these rough-coated animals to house them; they were strong naturally, and their owners would not by stabling lessen their hardihood; even in winter the furze amongst the hills, and the bushes in the glens, were cropped in lieu of grass, “the richest fodder that ever John Bann’s capul got was hay; except twice at the mill, where the pawkie dackering capul “sta’ twa meltith o’ the young miller’s saurless rottacks;” for such was the construction John Bann put upon this theft his poney had committed in the stable of young Andrew Gillies.

The female part of the company had but time to arrange or change their riding wedding-dresses for what was

more suitable for the occasion, when Robin Glenderoy announced with his bag-pipe that dinner was ready; and the barn was soon filled; but nobody offered to sit down till the minister was seated. The parents on both sides insisted that the minister should take the centre seat at the "head table." Neither Mr. Gillies nor Peggy's father would take it when Mr. Thornhill was there; and the Laird St. Clyde was not entitled to that seat when the "servant of the Lord was at the wedding."

The reverend gentleman took his place, and requested "the bride to take the chair on his right hand, and the bridegroom that on his left." The bride's maid and the bridegroom's man occupied their respective places, and "next to the best maid" the minister begged "the Laird St. Clyde would take his place: the schoolmaster would be kind enough to sit next to the best man.

They were in Mr. Gillies' house, and he would take the head of the right hand table, that ran the length of the house; the bride's father would take the head of the other long table. Mrs. Gillies would sit beside the bride's father, and Mr. Gillies would be proud of the company of the bride's mother."

Dominie Maclean could not help observing, that, "with the man o' God between them, they numbered the eleven faithful apostles, and he thought he was at the marriage o' Cana in Galilee."

Opposite to the minister sat Peggy's grandfather; on his right was Andrew's grandfather; and on his left, this good old man's wife: Peggy's grandmother sat at the right-hand of grandfather Gillies, and thus was the head of the table occupied. From the head of the table, and according to their seniority, were first placed, directly before



Mr. Gillies, the uncles and aunts of Peggy; then her brothers and sisters, and nearest relations; and her father saw before him, first the uncles, then the relations of his son-in-law, Andrew Gillies, according to seniority and affinity.

The lower ends of both tables were crowded with all the neighbours who had been bidden to the wedding. Dominie Maclean took upon himself the task of ordering silence whilst the grace was said, and it was "the blithest day in a' his life, to see his worthy pastor and his patrons, and sae mony o' his weel-doing scholars a' now grown up to man's estate, baith lads and lasses; a' that house kend their ain parents did na' loe the bairns o' their ain bluid better than he loed them a';" and the good dominie would have gone on to eulogize, but at the extreme end of the barn was a door that led to another



house, that was occasionally occupied as a wright's shop, lint-house, and cart-house; and the noise that came in volleys from this place, drowned the dominie's voice.

This house Bauldy Duncan and Dan Macvichar had fitted up that morning for the cotters' dinner, and also for all those who had been aiding and useful to Lucky Mackirdy and Lucky Boyd in getting dinner ready. The whole building was surrounded by all the beggars of the country.

Sandy Glass was a favourite at Mill-hole, and he ventured into the hall of the second order, and tried several times to make himself useful in getting the dishes through it, into the great barn; but Lucky Boyd did not like Sandy, and threatened, as soon as she observed how very officious he was grown, "to duck him i' the haggis cauldron, gif he minded or fashed his hand wi' things

the auldest carl amang a' his forebears ne'er creeshed their gullies wi."

The miller was also a dyer, and the said cauldron was of copper: it was only a large vessel that could have boiled "seven haggises and a wheelbarrow full of blood and suet puddings." Lucky Mackirdy averred this much was boiled in it. It was not to be wondered then, that, at the very name of the cauldron, poor Sandy made her no reply, but got out of the house as quickly as he could.

However, he was in no better plight when he got out; Ion Bourrie, a silly old beggar, owed Sandy a grudge for laughing at him, and Sandy did not know that his enemy had come to the wedding, till he was assailed by him on his egress from the house. This scuffle was soon ended by Archy Rankin, an old soldier, with a wooden leg and one arm, who swore he would

“throw auld Ion Bourrie into the mill-dam gif he meddled or made wi’ the poor harmless daft callan.” Ion Bourrie ceased, but vowed vengeance on another day; but the old sodger would not “thole Ion Bourrie to haud anger i’ his craig, and lounder a doilted callan for blethering or laughing and playing antics wi’ an auld lyart carl.”

The old man was obliged to promise never to meddle with Sandy: the poor old warrior could not make him say that he forgave Glass.

As soon, therefore, as silence was obtained in the upper and lower house of feasting and mirth, the good minister said grace; and when it was done, the covers were removed on the upper table; “the minister’s dishes maun be kepit in season,” said Lucky Boyd, and they alone were covered: and on the upper table there was abundance of meat both roasted and boiled. “The

broth was well boiled ; the hams and ducks, and the geese, the legs of lamb, and the shoulders and jiggits of mutton, were the best ever any body there had put a fork in ;” and the lower end of the long tables were not like the lower end of many a Highland chieftain’s table ; there were here dishes of the same fare that decked the upper table, and the ale was from two casks Glen Bowie had sent them ; they were a present to Andrew. Andrew used to take young Glen Bowie a-fishing and shooting with him ; and “ old people should not forget such kindness.” But there were waiters enow, and the young lasses were handed spring water ; they would not touch a drop of ale, and but one glass of whisky entered the mouths of their mothers.

## CHAPTER XIII.

The gallant bridegroom by her side,  
Beheld his prize, with victor's pride,  
And glad the mother in her ear  
Was closely whispering word of cheer.

THE LADY OF THE LAKE.

THE company had dined, and the health of the minister was drank by Dominie Maclean; all the men followed the dominie's example. The minister drank to the health of the grandfathers and grandmothers, parents, and relations of the new-married couple. The Laird St. Clyde stood up, and drank to the health of Andrew Gillies, and to that of his bride Peggy; every body must do the same: all the men drank a "right guid willy waugh," to pledge the laird's toast.

The lower house was now becoming the scene of good eating; all the dishes came from the upper house into it. Rob. Glenderoy had, during the dinner in the upper house, paced the length of the space between the tables, playing several love-ditties, in a fine low key on his bag-pipe; and when Glenderoy went out to walk round the house and give full swing to his lungs and bag-pipe, Jamie Little struck up with his fiddle—

“ When first my dear laddie gade to the green hill—”

“ The lass of Patie’s mill—”

“ Through the wood, laddie—”

And when Glenderoy came in playing, in the softest notes,

“ In April when primroses paint the sweet plain—”

Jamie Little would go out, and make the very heart thrill with

“ The Broom of o’ the Cowden Knowes—”



But now that the minister and the laird, and the folks in the “muckle barn,” had dined, and “the cutties and gullies” were beginning to be “creeshed in the little barn,” Jamie Little and Robin Glenderoy sat, one at the head of one table, and the other at the head of the other, in the little barn. Lucky Mackirdy “would sit at the foot o’ Jamie Little’s table, to see every body gat something to eat;” Lucky Boyd had her eye on this seat. Jamie Little was a favourite, for poor Glenderoy was the father of three children, and he was not married; but Lucky Boyd had now no choice, except at the expence of risking a dispute with Lucky Mackirdy, who claimed precedency of choice, “cause her gude man shoed the miller’s horses.”

Lucky Boyd accordingly sat down at the foot of Robin Glenderoy’s table; and though Lucky Boyd was every



way virtuous (for she at times assisted Maggy Dunlop the midwife), yet the loons and cotters' lassies numbered her with Glenderoy's mistresses. The poor woman would not eat; she sat there, "to cut the meat, and deal the legs and wings o' the hens and chickens, and gie haggis and puddings to the poor bairns."

The minister came into this place to see all his flock at dinner, for he had not, for five years, seen so many of them dining together; and, casting his eye on Glenderoy, (poor Glenderoy had stood three times on the black stool for his voluptuousness,) and on the serviceable Lucky Boyd, the good man could not help smiling, and observing, he "would indeed be very glad to see Glenderoy at his own table head, and his wife at the foot of it." This was quite enough for Lucky Mackirdy, who had no good opinion of widow

Boyd ; and Jamie Little laughed outright. The youngsters showed strange faces ; and Sandy Glass, who, when he saw the minister out of his seat and in the little barn, had ventured to come on the threshold of the door, declared that “ a body i’ the wee barn fleckered and hostit as gif the cuttie fu’ gaed down the wrang hause, when they heard the minister speak o’ Rab. Glenderoy’s Kittie, Lucky Boyd.”

Indeed these welcome guests, if Sandy Glass was to be believed, as he affirmed to Colin St. Clyde three days afterwards, eat,

“ While they hostit at baith ends,  
For honour o’ the feast ;  
And danced that day.”

When these had dined, the Luckies Mackirdy and Boyd saw that all the beggars got a good dinner ; and the miller ordered that half a peck of meal should be put into each of their wal-

lets; and the dominie took the liberty of going round the wealthy guests, and collecting what he could, "the which he divided equally amongst the poor beggars." The minister would not dance, and it was now getting late in the day; he and the Laird St. Clyde, after seeing two bowls of punch out at their table, got permission to depart; but every body came out to see the minister and the laird on their horses; and the beggars came around at a distance, and prayed "Heaven to bless the servant of the Lord, and their best friend the Laird St. Clyde."

Young St. Clyde stayed with the merry people. The elderly folks returned to the barn, and sat still at the punch: the young folks followed, and it was now time for tea. Luckies Mackirdy and Boyd made tea, assisted by some blithsome lasses; but none of the men drank tea; the women did;

and Peggy Gillies (that was her name now) was permitted to retire with the best maid and her sisters and sisters-in-law.

But tea was soon over, and Robin Glenderoy began to tune his bagpipe ; it was the signal for dancing ; the young lads and lasses began to pair for the first country-dance, whilst the tables in the lower room were cleared away for those who could not dance, but who might enjoy the punch ; and, except an entire bench of forms, or rather twenty-feet Memel planks, which went one after another placed on chairs round the entire walls of the upper house, that house was ready for the dancing : all the forms were filled with those who were going to dance, and those who liked to see the first dance go off.

“ Who was to be the bride’s partner ? ”

“The best man.”

“With whom would the bridegroom dance?”

“With the best maid.”

“But where could young St. Clyde get a partner?”

“He will find somebody,” said every lassie to whom the question was put; hoping, with throbbing breast, it might be herself.

Every young woman was sure nobody would dance with Archy Campbell of Bogganny; poor Archy had stood in the church; one and another would as soon dance with “Rob. Roy”—it was thus for conciseness’ sake the name of the useful piper was pronounced. Peggy had a sister; she was a bonny lassie; young St. Clyde advanced to her.

“Jessie, will you dance wi’ me, lassie?”

Jessie courtesied and blushed; the

other bonny lassies looked at each other; Jenny Gillies had promised to dance with young Glen Bowie; and there was room in the barn for two country-dances.

At the head of the one, stood the lovely Peggy Gillies and the best man; at the head of the other, were Andrew her husband, and his partner, the *best* maid, Betsey Sharp. The bride gave the dance, and lieutenant Stuart led her off in the finest style; Andrew and Betsey Sharp were not behind, but there was nobody there danced like Charley.

Jessie was the "handsomest lassie that ever put a foot in a black leather shoe," and every body was glad to see her the partner of the young St. Clyde; and the blithe salute at the beginning and end of each dance put St. Clyde in mind of Petruchio's smack, "when  
"all the church did echo:" but there



was little room in the barn for echo to tell with what lively feelings the lips of the fair ones were pressed. The first dance went off in an elegant manner.

The old people at the wedding were not just in trim to join in the second, so the young folks got it also to themselves; but the third and succeeding dances exhibited a promiscuous group of gray heads and beardless boys, of grand-dames and lasses i' their teens.

All the cotters who were not wanted went home early; but Sandy Glass was allowed by Rab. Roy, "to sit ahint the musicianers." By midnight some were tipsy, and some were tired; at half past twelve it was permitted the bridegroom and the bride, by desire of Dominie Maclean, to retire to rest. They were followed into Mr. Gillies'



house by more than forty relations; the others were either not entitled to be present at *throwing of the stocking*, or else they thought it better to keep it up on the barn-floor with “bob at the brouster.”

Betsey Sharp, Jessie, and her mother and Mrs. Gillies assisted in undressing the timidly innocent and trembling-limbed Peggy. The sweet rose-bud of youth was no longer visible on her cheeks; her mother chid her; mother Gillies bade her “be strong and fear not;” and both Jessie and Betsey “wondered what in all the world the silly thing was afraid of in going to bed that night more than any other.”

Sweet Peggy heard all, but said nothing; a reply would only have raised a laugh. Now she is fairly beneath the blankets, and the egress of her

mother, Mrs. Gillies, and the young lasses, was the signal for the bridegroom to go into the sacred chamber.

He advanced, followed by every body that could get in; they were all friends; and it was no unseemly sight for the innocent lamb Peggy to be seen in bed with a night-gown and night-cap on, by her relations; and the young St. Clyde, though he had never before seen so delicious a sight, was “a modest lad as any i’ country side.”

“Now the stocking is thrown,” and who should get it? Lieutenant Stuart! Dancing with the bride; catching the stocking; breaking off the largest piece of a merry-thought; and kissing another’s partner in place of his own—these, all these were allowed to be ominous of Charley’s wedding happening ere long! Now the bridegroom is in bed; there was not a female then in

the room but the bride, and she was on the inner side of the bed.

A good bumper of pure whisky must now bid the young folks good night. It did so; and, leaving between the sheets the authors of all their mirth and glee, the whole company returned to the barn, which was now going to become a real *seely court*, every one declaring that "Aurora should lighten the lawn before he left Millhole."

Eating and drinking wants but a beginning. Slices of meat and pieces of bread (they did not there get the name of sandwiches) were served round by Mackirdy and cotter Glass; Lucky Boyd was very well now; it was even said she was "bung on the buirds." Every one now sat down, for "it was comely to sit at meat;" but they would not sit long, for "nobody was tired." There was nobody thirsty, but "eating

always needed drink ;” and every one drank ale or punch, or “ callar spring water.”

The dance was resumed, and it went on till the morning’s dawn ; but during the later hours of Seely Court, there were many songs sung ; and he or she, who would not, or could not sing, must ask a question nobody could answer, or tell something nobody had ever heard before, or dance a hornpipe.

## CHAPTER XIV.

We are na fou, we're nae that fou,  
But just a wee drap in our e'e;  
The cock may crawl, the day may daw,  
But ay we'll taste the barley brie.

BURNS.

SONGS were sung with mirthsome glee; and when it came to the dominie's turn to dance, he begged to be excused,—one of his legs had not grown so long as the other; no excuse would be taken: “Well, then,” said he, “since ye winna let me alane, answer me this; Whilk is the maist happy, an unmarried lad or a single lassie?”

“The lassie!” cried many female voices; “the lad!” exclaimed many men: the question was not answered unanimously, and the dominie got off by observing “they might all be happy

if they liked, and they might all be unhappy if they did na' take tent; he did na like," he added, "to see what he had seen: some folks might yet wish the kiln had been burned before they came there that night; he did na' think the stack yard, and the kiln, and round about the mill, and awa' among the whins, were fit places for folks to be gaun before the sun got up; but time would try a' as the frost tried the kail."

This was designed as a public rebuke to his own son, and young Maclean felt it; and he was instantly missed from the company.

Bogganny thought himself was meant, and he was "so affronted by the meddling dominie that he wad na' stay."

Rab. Roy thought "if the minister rebuked in the kirk, the dominie should be quiet in a house that was na' his ain."

And Lucky Boyd, who now awoke,

and made her appearance at the lower end of the barn beside Jamie Little, asked "if the clashing bodie o'a dominie was na vera muckle out o' his place, in noticing folks that were ill, and could na' be seen for twenty minutes?"

But these were not all who lashed the good man for his well-meant remark. All who were guilty, or suspected of doing amiss, thought his "clash-ma-claver might be reserved for another time and place."

When it came to Suter Willie's turn to dance, he could not dance; he had always been worse than rickety; but Willie had been in Fife, and he would tell them a story he was sure "nobody had ever heard in his ain native place." It was this—"Allan Mann had a muckle dog, and that dog used to go to the niest town, and carry the siller in his teeth and buy the beef, and bring



it hame by ae nook ; but ae day the butchers' dogs set upon auld Cowley, for Allan ca'd the beast Cowley ; an' so ye see, twa dogs brought sax mair, a' butchers' collies and bull dogs ; and so ye see, puir auld Cowley gat the warst o't, and lost the beef, and was sair bitet about the lugs and een : and so ye see, Cowley was sae shamed o' the thing, that he wa'd na come into the house, but gade and graened i' the barn a' that day ; and whan Allan ken'd whare puir Cowley was hidet, he brought him his meat, and did sae for nine days ; but Cowley did not eat but ae unco wee pickle o't a' that time : and so you see, on the tenth day, Cowley gaed awa', an' brought five ither guid stout collies, and awa' to the hole whare Cowley hid the meat ; and Cowley gie the collies a' the meat, and tauld them in his ain language how he had been worried, and cowpit, and dadet

by the butchers' dogs in yon town ; and how, gif the collies wad gang wi' him and set up a colly shangy, a' the butchers' dogs wad come out, and then they shud a' set on them and worrie them waur than they worried Cowley : and so ye see, Cowley and his comrades gaed awa' to the neist town, and leathered them weel i' the caputs and spaulds, sae that the butchers thought the warison their brutes ware gating was nathing but a' the dogs and collies i' the country gaen wud ; till they saw Cowley and thought about the beef ; and how their ain dogs teuk it frae him ; and the butchers then let their ain dogs tak what Cowley's collies and himsel could gie them : and so ye see, whan Cowley and his collies beat them a', Cowley neist day cam to his maister for the siller for the beef ; and frae that day to this, he has gane to the butcher's for Allan's beef ; and the

butchers' dogs growl, but neer ane o' them will meddle wi' him."

Now though sutor Willie was frequently interrupted in this tale by bursts of laughter which convulsed every being present, and though the dominie warned him of the sin of telling lies, Willie went on to the end, and swore at the close of his speech, that it was as true as he drank "this glass of punch."

"Fie! fie!" said the dominie.

"Well, then," cried Willie, "as true as I tald it—I mean, as true as I was in Fife. Woo sellers ken ay woo buyers; is na that true, dominie?"

The reel, strathspey, the country dance and hornpipe, had now well tired each heel in Seely Court, but mirth and glee went laughing round; and the tales, bon-mots, and the puzzling questions which were told or put, not to speak of the blithsome ditties many

a handsome lad and bonny lassie sung, in pairs or trios, with the full chorus of all the company, gave a pleasing and lively relief to all. The transitions from the country-dance to reels, and from hornpipes to songs, as well as from knotty questions to marvellous tales, (there were none of them, however, about hobgoblins,) made the time pass smoothly and sweetly away; and when Phœbus began to peep from his watery bed, there was nobody at Seely Court who was not sure it was morning sooner than usual: fresh as the morning's dawn, 'twas pleasant to hear every young man "wish the morning wa'd stay awa till the gloamin."

Though there were two or three of each sex that seemed to carry the palm, on lightsome foot, in blithsome song and pleasing tale, the mind of no lad was "moody" and the breast of no lassie was sad; every guileless girl

believed her Joe came off the victor, and her heart was “ay fain;” and “tho’ anither lilted sweetly, thine was many times sweeter and pleasing to me;” tho’ he “sang so nicely, he canna sing like thee.”

It was in words like these, that some of the lassies strove to win hearts they already had captivated.

The breakfast was beginning to be prepared; all who were there breakfasted by six o’clock, and as many as could not stay to breakfast again “wi the young guidwife,” hied away home; but, of those who tarried behind, some would walk on the hill, others would go up the glen and hear the mavis whistling, and a dozen of the young men were seen from the hill swimming round Stuart’s cutter in the bay.

It was announced by Rab. Roy to the bridgeroom and bride, by, “Hey, Jonney Cope, are ye waking yet!”

that it was time to get up, and the same notes reached even the distant hill and deep glen; on the salt sea it was heard distinctly enough, for the youths came to shore singing; but St. Clyde could not hear the words of the song from the top of the hill.

The stragglers were seen in all directions "bearing up and down upon the miller's auld red stane housie." The curiosity of the maidens to see Peggy was only equalled by the young men's hearty welcome of Andrew from the marriage bed. Some thought there had not been "enough o' daffin;" and the wary gibes that circled round the second breakfast-table were not made at Andrew's cost alone: the expense of many a convulsive laugh was defrayed by the old and the young, by the married and the single.

St. Clyde left this happy place after breakfast; there were several of the



young people from the wedding going the same road ; they went together, and shortened the length of the way by sage remarks on the joys of wedlock, and the happiness arising from a family of children.

They had not, however, proceeded far, when they observed a party of men descending from Ashcolme Wood to the sea-side. The road lay between the wood and the coast ; and looking to the shore, there was distinctly seen among the rocks that raised their stupendous heads above the ocean, the masts of a lugger ;—but one might not count a hundred, when the distance at which she was now from the coast, rendered the hull visible also. The men from the wood were the gaugers, the jailor, and the sexton of Rothsay, and two sheriff's officers. They had heard, somehow or other, of the lugger, and that a considerable quantity



of brandy was to be run and lodged in Ashcolme Wood; and they made sure of the seizure. But they were intercepted by the people from the wedding, and Robin Glenderoy declared if the gaugers went down among the rocks, they might abide by the consequences; but “if they took any part of the importation, if they proceeded one step farther, he would ruin them both; for he knew that a sum of money had been received by them not to leave Rothsay for a week, but two months before; and if they did nae choose to connive now as well as then, he had only to say, that the collector of the customs in Cowal, and the comptroller in Rothsay, would know what perjured fellows were in the king’s pay.”

The challenge of Rob. Roy was enough; the gaugers affected to be greatly out of their place; the senior

officer began fumbling in his pockets for the warrant ; it was not there : the junior officer insisted on running to Rothsay for it—" But what am I to do with the importation ?" said the senior officer.

" Do with it !" exclaimed Rob. Roy, " where is it ? have you yet got in sight of it ? do you look to that I have said ?"

St. Clyde was greatly amused with this scene, and did not attempt to interfere on either side ; at last the gaugers walking in advance and talking and musing, the junior one turned short round on his heel and said, " Mr. St. Clyde, you are now an officer in the king's army ; may we depend on your assistance, and that of your friends here, if we ask you to go with us to command us to the rocks, where the importation is lodged ?"

" You have fire arms, I suppose,"

said St. Clyde. "No," said one of the gaugers, "but we have good sticks."

"But," cried Rob. Roy, "you have no warrant with you; and you had better not go to the rocks without it, and your pistols and cutlasses too, for the Manks men will not let their wines, their brandy, their tea, and their silks, go so easily."

"What an unfortunate fellow am I," exclaimed the senior gauger. "My good friends James Mackintosh and John Lamont" (for these were the names of the sexton and jailor), "we shall not dare to venture down among the rocks this morning."

"Give the men half-a-crown a piece," cried Rob. Roy, "for their trouble."

The gaugers hesitated; and one of them, after rummaging all his pockets, could only find seven-pence half-penny in them all, and this he could not offer

them ; but Rob. Roy stopped him short, and offered Mackintosh and Lamont a crown, which they accepted ; and the effect of this was to dissolve at once the dependence the gaugers had on the jailor and sexton : but the sheriff's officers grumbled sorely at the delay Rob. Roy occasioned them, and insisted either on going forward to the rocks, which were not more than a quarter of a mile from them, or returning to Rothsay for fire arms and the warrant. St. Clyde, however, sent them all to the rocks, by reproving the gaugers for their stupidity in being duped by Rob. Roy ; and Roy laughed very heartily at it ; for now they could see the lugger's boat and two other skiffs deeply laden rowing from the shore, and towing something, which the gaugers affirmed were the kegs of spirits, towards the lugger.

All the party ran to the rocks, and

examined their intricate intersections, but they could not find any thing belonging to the lugger's people ; and the arch-piper took his bag-pipe and played —tune, “ The Trumpeter of Tyvie ” —

“ He kissed my lips five thousand times,  
And ay he ca'd me bonny ;  
And a' the answer he gat frae me,  
Was, My bonny Andrew Lammie ! ”

In short the gaugers were hoaxed most completely ; and Rob. Roy now quizzed them most excessively, to the great diversion of the people from the south end of the island, and Colin St. Clyde, who scarcely expected to find the piper of Bute so adroit in turning from their purpose two excisemen, two sheriff's officers, and the jailor and sexton of Rothsay.

This little adventure, though to Rob. Roy and a few others a mere matter of moonshine, was to St. Clyde for many a day afterwards a fund of agreeable

reflection and solitary amusement; and the gaugers were so laughed at by all the people in the island, that it became, for fifteen years after the marriage of Andrew Gillies, a common bye-word—“Who piped the gaugers out of the wine?” And when there was any indication of smuggling going on in the south end of the island, the people of Rothsay used so say, “Ay! Rob. Roy kens what’s what as weel as any body; when the sun sets in Ettrick Bay, Rob. Roy ’ll come and live in *Rosay*”—for it was thus that that town, from which the Prince of Wales takes the title of Duke, was pronounced by country people of the island of Bute.

## CHAPTER XV.

A soldier, an' please your reverence, said I, prays as often (of his own accord) as a parson; and when he is fighting for his king, and for his own life, and for his honour too, he has the most reason to pray to God of any one in the whole world: he must say his prayers *how* and *when* he can; for God only knows who is a hypocrite, and who is not.

STERNE.

WHEN the company got to the ferry, all was bustle and confusion. The sergeant had got his complement of men; one of the three that made it up was the officious dominie's son, who had left the wedding in a pet. Fergus Maclean had but little profited by his father's instructions. He would go any where sooner than to school, when a boy; and when in it, he would do any thing sooner than learn his



tasks. The dominie was heart-broken with him even in boyhood. When Fergus grew up, he chose to learn the business of a tailor: this he did not like; a soldier was the end of him.

Three recruits, within four and twenty hours, made the whisky circulate among the former ones, as if all were to be made generals for drinking. But what was the dominie's horror, when he saw Fergus, with the sergeant's bonnet on, "presiding at the pint *stoup*?" Fergus "had freely taken the shilling; it was all his father's fault; the dominie had himself to thank for it: Fergus Maclean would not be called worse than he was; and, since his father publicly declared him an *unco loon*, the sogers were the best friends he could get: they might all say what they liked, all the wedding people knew whom the dominie had

to blame for Fergus taking on for a *twa and forty man*: he thought he could handle the *claymore* as well as the shears; and the bayonet he would soon learn to use, as easily as he took up the bodkin."

It was in this strain Fergus went on, before the poor distracted father could open his mouth. Indeed, though a man whose temper had, for thirty years, been daily tried by refractory boys, this scene was by far too much for him.

The honest sergeant took Mr. Maclean by the hand, and declared he was guiltless. Fergus came of himself, and threatened, if he did not enlist him, to tell the young laird when he returned from the wedding: the sergeant, therefore, enlisted him in the king's name; and if Fergus did "nae rue, he would be sworn in the neist

day." The tears trickled down the old father's cheeks; and every body there, but Fergus, felt pity.

Nothing would move Fergus's resolution: next day he was sworn in with the other two; and the sergeant announced to his recruits, that St. Clyde had got his complement of men, and they should march on Friday. Friday came; all the men were at the rendezvous; but there were many there besides them. The recruits were all the sons of poor men, but respectable people; and poverty did not shut their hearts against parental affection. The sons too, when the parting morning came, felt they had the hearts of children. Every mother was there weeping and bemoaning the lot of her *bairn*; every father was there, and there was no brother or sister staid at home.

The sergeant was the only man

going for whom tears were not shed. They had fallen for him when he left Dumbarton, fifteen years before that time. The march commenced; the recruits supported in one arm their aged and weeping mother; a sister or sweetheart clung to the other; in some instances, the father and his remaining family walked in the rear of the son, or by his side, or between the single files on the road. It was in this manner they marched to Rothsay, a journey of four miles. The piper of the regiment was not there. Rob. Roy got half-a-crown to "cheer the king's men to the boat."

They had to pass the manse. The minister came out; the dominie was there too. The minister eyed the motley group with fixed attention: they would have passed the lawn before the manse door; for the sergeant did not offer to halt his men, and only put his

hand to his bonnet, and then to his lips, as he was going by Mr. Thornhill; words spake he none: but the minister would not allow them to pass in that manner.

“Will the sergeant have the goodness to oblige me,” said the pious divine, “and halt his men till I take my leave o’ them a’, and crave the protection o’ the God of battles for so many fine and well-known lads?”

The men were halted in an instant: the minister took his station beside the sergeant. By a natural impulse a ring was formed round these men. “The good soldier of *Christ* was pleased to see one of *King George’s* heroes take his bonnet off, and look for a benison at earthly hands.”

There was not now a whisper heard: the sobs of mothers, and the heaving breasts of sisters and sweethearts, gave

the only indication that the motionless young women in that sorrowful group had still animation left.

The minister was seldom seen without a book in his hand; his pocket Bible he never wanted from his side; it was that book which has GOD for its author, *truth* for its matter, and *salvation* for its end, that the good man now held in his hand.

“Since you have kindly halted your men, sergeant, you will bear me to do the duties of their pastor for the last time perhaps.”

“Certainly, sir; we are na’ fleeing before a foe: na, na; the twa and forty Highlanders ne’er was ken’d behind; she has but ae side, and that’s the face side, that any Frenchman ever seed.”

The devout man then called the dominie to him.

“Mr. Maclean, will you raise the tune; we shall sing the first eight verses of the forty-fourth psalm.”

Mr. Maclean tried it: there was no music in his voice; sighs stifled even his breathing: what was to be done?

“If we cannot sing, let us pray,” said the minister. Nobody there had ever heard such a prayer—the unction came from above: who could keep from weeping?

Fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, little boys and little girls, and stout-hearted men that came only out of acquaintanceship, salted the earth with their briny tears.

Sandy Glass and the wicked Rob. Roy *grat* that day.

When the good man had craved Heaven's amplest boon on this part of his flock that was called to serve their king and defend their native land, he gave them a suitable exhortation on



fidelity and obedience, and warned them of the crime of forgetting their parents, who were now absolved from their baptismal vows, as the lads were all come to man's estate; and concluded by observing, "that he expected to hear good accounts of them all : they could all read; he hoped every one had a Bible in his wallet?" Every mother answered "Yes."

And now the good man, beginning with Fergus Maclean, shook hands with them all.

When he turned to the veteran sergeant, the maimed warrior was on his bare knees in an instant, and uncovered, to receive a blessing; and his blessing was given in the most rugged accents. The minister could refrain no longer; he wept aloud. The neighbouring hills echoed the "ohons!" of the fathers and the shrieks of the mothers. None saw Macbean rise from this

posture; but the recruits and their friends observed him staggering in advance, blubbering his piety to Heaven and his gratitude to the minister, and the crowd followed him. Rob. Roy could not fill his bag-pipe for a long time; and, except the confused noise of crying and sobbing, the whole company were a furlong from the manse before any one knew he could speak. At length Mr. Gillies and the dominie broke silence.

“Your bairn is nae mair sad since the good minister gae him his benison.”

“Though the blessings of the MOST HIGH follow the lad, the Scripture nae where forbids us to sorrow.”

“I dinna profess to be sae weel learnt i’ the Bible as ye are; but really, dominie, ye might e’en cheer up your heart a’ wee: your example will be followed by the lave; we a’ look to the

minister and you for guidance i' this weary warld."

"It's hard to drain comfort from one that is dry—na! na! my gray hairs shall go down to the grave wi' sorrow; it 'll be well if I go into the threshing floor o' heaven like a sheaf o' corn full ripe."

They had now come in sight of the Laird St. Clyde's house. Rob. Roy, by the sergeant's orders, struck up "The Highland Laddie;" and the whole of the company that could find the song, joined in the chorus.

"O my bonny, bonny Highland laddie;  
My handsome charming Highland laddie;  
May Heaven still guard and love reward  
The Lowland lass and her Highland laddie."

Sandy Glass, who kept close by the sergeant's side till they came to St. Clyde's, ran up to the laird, scraping and bowing, and pointed first to Fergus, and next to the dominie.

St. Clyde and his son were on the edge of the road to receive the salute and refresh the spirits of the recruits by a parting glass.

The mixed emotions of the recruits, of their parents, their brothers and sisters, and sweethearts, were finely read in their countenances. There was not one of these people but would have gone to the earth's utmost bound to serve the laird : and though their grief was immoderate at parting with their sons, they were reconciled to the fates of the lads, since none of them would have enlisted but for the sake of young St. Clyde. They reflected that, if their sons defended Colin in the day of battle, his father would shield them from the oppression of their richer neighbours ; and a poor widow, hung on her son's arm, and as she weeped in all the bitterness of her heart, cried, " O laddie ! laddie ! ye've been a weary

laddie to me! and yet I widna part wi' my laddie for a' the jewels i' our king's crown; but since he is gangin wi' the young laird, I part wi' him wi' mony a tear; but I can gi' him a mother's blessing, and gif he be spared to come back frae the wars, there is nane will be happier than me; but gif he should fa' midst the hail-showers o' balls, he'll fa' for St. Clyde, an' I'll aye hae a friend."

"Sergeant Macbean, you'll have the goodness to halt your men, and allow St. Clyde to give King George's sogers one glass of whisky before they take the sea; it is two good miles to the ferry, and the sea is a little rough; a glass will give the lads spirit: the sea-air will soon put it out of their heads; they are all as sober as on Sunday, and one glass can do none of them any harm."

It was a fine compliment St. Clyde

paid the sergeant: Macbean felt all the pride of his cloth at the words "your men;" and the sergeant was disobeying no command in halting the recruits at the door of the laird. "The laird was a gentleman, and the recruits were his son's men; and the sergeant knew his duty too well to stop when every body wished; the recruits were now the king's men, the laird was the justice of the peace, and had sworn them all in; it was nothing more than halting for a refreshment, and the laird would never give them spirits to get drunk." Ideas like these besieged the veteran's mind whilst the laird spoke his request; the request of the laird and the answer of the sergeant took up much less time than the describing of it.

"Forty-second! Halt!"—All are still.

Baskets full of bread and cheese, two *stoups* full of water, a jar full of whisky, and a trencher full of glasses and tum-

blers were on tables on the lawn in an instant.

"Come, dominie, say a grace," said St. Clyde.

The heart-sad man essayed, and pronounced some dozen of words which nobody could make out; he was stifled with grief.

"Heaven on this occasion," cried the laird, "takes the will for the deed. Sergeant, we shall drink, *The health of his Majesty King George.*"

The sergeant put his hand to his bonnet, and facing the right about, "Forty-second! we drink our king's health." After a little conversation between Colin and the sergeant, the laird pressed the recruits with a second glass, and Sergeant Macbean, of his own accord, gave a toast. "Forty-second," cried the loyal man, "we drink *To the health of the Laird St. Clyde and his family!*" And "every glass was drained as dry as a whistle."



The laird thanked the sergeant, and Colin begged he might be allowed to give the men half a glass more.

“Sergeant,” said Colin, “we now drink, *To the forty-second Royal Highlanders !*”

The sergeant’s bonnet waved in the air, and three hurras crowned the toast.

Rob. Roy struck up—

“Adieu for a while, my native green plains,  
My nearest relations and neighbouring swains ;”

but nobody joined in the tune.

“I’ll gar ye be fain to follow me.”

The laird seeing some of the lads not disposed to finish this third glass, cried out, “Don’t be afraid, my lads ; do  
“as the lasses do, say no, and tak it :”  
and when the lads had drank off the spirits, the laird called each of the recruits to him by name, and shook hands with them all, and hoped, “when they all should return, in the garb of old Gaul,

to hear that every lad among them had done his duty."

To the sergeant he said, "Macbean, I wish our king had but fifty thousand men such as these."

"Pity melts the mind to love"

The sorrowful mothers were objects of the deepest concern to Mrs. St. Clyde; and whilst her husband regaled them, she and her daughters offered every thing their house could afford to these poor but industrious and respectable women. When the sergeant ordered his men to prepare to march, and the young fellows fell into some sort of order, as readily as the word was given, the mothers set up such lamentations and weeping that it was necessary for young St. Clyde to support his sisters, and the laird with difficulty kept his wife from sinking to the earth whilst he assisted her in getting into the house. Colin had not offered to take upon himself any autho-

rity over his men; Macbean had the duty of colonel, adjutant, and sergeant to perform; and never did man show more activity and devotion in the execution of his duty.

## CHAPTER XVI.

Yet trust I well, his duty done,  
The orphan's God will guard my son.

SCOTT.

THERE were no more interruptions met with till they got to Rothsay, except that the recruits received a blessing at every door they passed on the road; for whether it were farm-house or cotter's cabin that they passed, every human being came out to take farewell of the lads, and to soothe the mourning hearts of their relations by a heavy sigh, a deep Ohon! or a flood of tears; and before they got into the town Colin St. Clyde came galloping up to his men, and the hill on their right told to the loch that washed its eastern side, that

“Much joy'd the men their chief to see.”

The ferry-boat was freighted by some

*drovers*, but the sergeant took possession of her in the king's name, and forbade the ferry-men to leave her, on pain of being sent to jail by St. Clyde for refusing to ferry over to Dumbarton his majesty's forty-second royal Highlanders ; and the sergeant would not stay at the quay. The men had got enough ; their fathers and mothers could not go any farther ; it was of no use to stay there ; every mother embraced and kissed her son ; the little boys and girls clung to the arms of their brothers going to the wars ; the unhappy sisters and sweethearts were kissed by their brothers and lovers, and they weeped and were kissed and weeped again. When the fathers of these young men embraced them, and, looking up to heaven, prayed " God's blessing to go wi' the lad ;" the hearts of the skippers and people of Rothsay, who were on the quay merely as by-standers, were wrung

with the scene; and the wretched mothers raised such piercing cries and horrid shrieks, that the sergeant, to save a repetition of so much misery, in the king's name calling his men on board, cut the hawser with his sword, and ordered the helmsman to steer instantly from the quay.

The boat now stood out in the bay some two hundred yards or less, but the loud "Ohon! the pious blessing "and lang farewell," passed swift as the vivid flame between the quay, the shore, and the ferry-boat; but Rob. Roy was playing

"My soger laddie is over the sea—"

and every heart most cordially said,

"My blessing gang wi' my soger laddie—"

whilst the distracted parents prayed,

"Shield him, ye angels! frae death and alarms!  
Return him wi' laurels to my longing arms."

But Rob. Roy had not all the honour of the day, in mocking with music the

tender sympathies of these distressed people.

Hugh Gow, the Kintyre piper, was on the quay for a passage to Dumbarton, and Sergeant Macbean insisted there was no partiality in taking Hugh Gow as the only passenger, save the boatmen, who were not King George's men, because Gow would "make a' hearts blithe;" and to do so, "Come, Kintyre Gow," cried Macbean, "up with it, up with it, my lad;" the sergeant himself waving his bonnet to the shore, and singing

"Farewell to Lochaber, and farewell to my Jean—"

And he was joined in the second verse by Alexander Fyfe, who had "enlisted because Jenny Wilkes's parents would not let him hae her."

But before Fyfe had got through the verse, almost all the boat's company joined him in the song. The craigs



and caves at Bogganny Point echoed the full swell of every voice on board. The quay was crowded, and the shore was lined with people ; and when the wherry began to make the offing of the bay, and then to stretch for the opposite shore, the soul of every mother was in her eyes, and her eyes pursued the boat amidst the foamy billows. The talisman of woe fled with the breeze ; and, by a simultaneous movement, every man on board, and on the quay, and on the shore, waved his bonnet or hat in the air. The three hurras which followed, came in the most wild and enthusiastic peals, and, except in one or two instances of widowed female grief, a gleam of resignation and content sat on every brow.

Now they are returning to their homes through the town ; and the young lasses especially, possessing every thing to recommend their beauty,

endear their softness, and give them the pre-eminence for friendship, would justify the most pleasing reflections on the composition of their temper and attachment.

Colin, after the departure of his recruits, wrote a long letter to Levingstone, giving him an account of his success in raising his complement of men; and in the same letter he gave a long description of the recruits' first march.

His letter concluded with many reflections on the instability of human projects; and, referring to the agreement to which they had come of writing each other during the vacation, Colin hoped, that as there was no prospect of their being fellow-students any longer, their correspondence would not close; but that they would continue to write as friends. His letter was closed in

these words :—“ After this description of so much parental and filial love ; in a scene where one might naturally expect to find the sire’s breast locked up against the very entrance of his son’s name ; and when, too, one might expect to find the sons who could deliberately or rashly leave their homes, without much hope of bettering their lot ; when the wretched mother, moreover, might be expected to be found armed, like a lioness robbed of her whelp—how is it, Levingstone, that we see the untutored rugged natures of these poor unhappy people embellished with the nicest sensibility, tempered with delicacy ? To see so many souls intoxicated with so much affliction, but to behold the refractory and stubborn conduct of sons, whose former insensibility was stronger than the ties of nature, producing a revolution of sym-

pathies that approached even to illusion, is a problem I shall leave you to solve.

“ You must forgive me, in putting out of the question, that these young men have gone into the army that I might be a soldier. They could not want the sense to know that they could not all serve under my immediate command. Death, exchange, promotion, might in a day bereave them of their countryman and leader.

“ I am told that there is hardly a recruiting party leaves the Highlands, or indeed any part of our native land Scotia, where the most afflicting scenes are not witnessed.

“ Is it parting thus—is it the retrospection of *home*, that in distant lands, on the mighty ocean, in the crowded city, the camp, and the battle’s loudest thunder, preserves, without decay, the lively, strong, and enthusiastic love of

Scotland and of countrymen in the breasts of her sons? Is it from this that our native warriors exhibit so much honour, fidelity, and unwearied prowess?

“The sergeant of whom I speak, is not a tall man, nor is he stoutly made, but he is tough as a hazel stick; his very muscles seem to be of whalebone; his countenance is placid, with a mixture of sternness and scorn; and his eye searches every corner of your heart: in company and in conversation he is affable, easy, and temperate; more given to hear and ask questions than to answer or prate. It was with difficulty one could get a tale of a battle from him: but the sternness and resolution he showed when he ordered his men on board, and the fire that flashed in his eyes when he drew his sword, and cut the rope which held the wherry to the quay, plainly indicated,

as a poor silly lad present observed, “that the deel was aye at the elbow o’ a Highland man;” and poor Sandy Glass wondered “how the auld quay fu o’ Frenchmen wo’d bide to be looked at by Sergeant Macbean and his naked claymore?”

“Can it be the ties of filial affection so strongly implanted in their breasts, that offers such true moral grandeur in all the toils which our countrymen pass through? Is it the hope of returning home with a name unsullied by crime; or is it the dangers they are so frequently exposed to, that sublimates the sentiments, and elevates the principles of such men as Macbean, whose feeling of enmity and hostility appears to terminate with the battle?—whom we see, when his country’s glory or defence summons, to be ferocious as the tiger, ’midst the horrors of strife and carnage, where he evinces the most

frigid and unsympathetic calculation of his personal danger, humbly, and unconscious of the respect with which he is viewed personally, falling on his knees, and craving a "benison!" and happy, if the brightness of Caledonia's name has not been tarnished by his neglect of the duties of a citizen, a son, a soldier, and the name of Chris-



## CHAPTER XVII.

For since the claims  
Of social life to different labours urge  
The active pow'rs of man ; with wise intent  
The hand of Nature on peculiar minds  
Imprints a different bias, and to each  
Decrees its province in the common toil.

AKENSIDE.

ST. Clyde wrote his friend Augustus, who had now returned to Edinburgh, and expressed a hope of seeing him very soon,—though not to pore over science and literature. Eliza expressed all the gratitude of her heart for what the Earl of B—— had done for Colin: they were indeed the feelings of of an ingenuous heart for the services received by one on whom an affectionate soul dotes.

It was now time for Colin to leave

Bute ; but he was only going to Edinburgh to join his regiment, which had left Dumbarton castle on the very day his recruits sailed. He came to the shore of Schulock ; it was the regular ferry-town across the channel to the mainland : ferry-boat he could get none that day ; two had already sailed, and the third was repairing ; there were none of the fishermen would take him to the Largs ; they were mending their nets, and their boats they would not launch ; their minds were soured by the recruiting business : a few of the youths however at the ferry offered to take the laird over to the Auld-kirk, but their boats could not bear a heavy sea ; and

“ The clouds were journeying east the sky,  
The wind was low, and the swell was high,  
And the glossy sea was heaving bright,  
Like ridges and hills of liquid light ;  
While far on her lubric bosom were seen  
The magic dyes of purple and green.”

However they had all been out rougher days than that, and if St. Clyde was

not more afraid of his life than they were of theirs, he had only to say the word, and there was no danger but John Munn's boat would make the opposite shore.

St. Clyde received his father's embrace; four of these young men were in the boat in an instant: she had belonged to a Greenland whaler, she was wherry rigged, the crew were excellent sailors; in five minutes she was clear of the shore, and

“ How joyed the bark her sides to lave!  
She leaned to the lee and she girdled the wave!  
Aloft on the stayless verge she hung,  
Light on the wave veered and swung,  
And the crests of the billows before her flung:  
Loud murmured the channel with gulp and with  
The seal swam aloof and the dark sea fowl. [growl,  
Over head neither sun nor cerulean sky shone!  
A pathway of snow was the ocean alone!”

They were not half a league from the ferry till the spray drenched all on board, the gale gathered strength, it blew from the Garroch-head, the foremast gave

way ; it was a moment of stir and commotion ; Stuart's cutter scudding before the wind was but a gun-shot from them ; he saw their distress ; and when all the elements seemed combined to send down this little bark like a bird of the ocean, the cutter steered close upon them, and the men throwing a rope, young Munn seized it, and the boat was brought alongside ; for the cutter lay-to for a little. They were all kindly taken on board by Lieu . Stuart, who was very much pleased to find in the wherry his friend S . Clyde ; he did not know his sister Eliza and St. Clyde were friends : the wherry was towed by the cutter, and St. Clyde was safely landed at Weems's bay.

Colin hastened to Edinburgh, and appeared there in a very different light to that in which he had shone when he was at the university. Then his dress was plain, and he might only be distin-

guished by one's personal knowledge of him ; now he was dressed in the full uniform of the forty-second Highlanders ; and so well did he suit it, that, as he paraded his men on the Castle hill, or appeared at a field day on the Links, every one who saw him pointed, and said : " There—there is St. Clyde ! Doesn't he become the bonnet well ? And the plaid, look, Rose, how elegant the folds ! "

The bonnet and claymore were his passports into any company, and he willingly availed himself of their power in visiting his friend Eliza. Mrs. Stuart still opposed her daughter's partiality and attachment ; but Augustus, who now felt something of his sister's feelings, favoured it, and gave every opportunity he could to St. Clyde to enjoy the company and conversation of his sister ; it was only walking out with Eliza ; and they always met St. Clyde, who, if he came to Mr. Stuart's house,

invariably got into Augustus's study, and there he was sure of having at least ten minutes chit-chat with her, for there was no other place in the house where they were safe, and there too only when Augustus was along with them. The mother never suspected her daughter for she would sit for hours together in the company of Augustus; so apt are the suspicious to be deceived by the appearance of plausibility, and to confound with their own conduct the genuine friendship of the honest and virtuous.

What was on Eliza's part a real attachment, but on St. Clyde's only the Platonic sentimental, now became pure unsophisticated esteem. There was a great disparity between them; her father could, if he pleased, give her a handsome fortune, at least it was talked of in this way, though he had several children to divide his property amongst

them; his eldest son was in expectation of the fortune of a bachelor uncle, who enjoyed but an indifferent state of health; but St. Clyde knew if he married Eliza against her parents' wishes, her fortune would be trifling enough, and he had none of his own; his father, though a laird, was not wealthy; the pride of the Laird St. Clyde in the meridian of his days was too great to allow him to engage in any mercantile pursuit; he had tried the profession of arms; he could never make his way to the head of a regiment; the times in which he lived were not filled with twenty years of successive bustle and strife and din of arms; and when the harvest of carnage and death arrived, he had left the service and lived on his half pay, too infirm in resolution to succeed by a second attempt of risking the dangers of the tented field; his estate was but small; he was no farmer; it was there-



fore by the greatest frugality and parsimony that his spouse was able to make both ends meet; but he used to say, when in company with people of quality on the island, “Annie is better to me than a fortune; a thrifty wife is of more value at the year’s end than a large income.”

St. Clyde had just completed the drudgery of drilling, and might be considered an accomplished soldier; he was at any rate an elegant one, and he had still much pleasure in the company of Antony Levingstone and Augustus Stuart. Colin’s time was well employed in Edinburgh; he spent much of it, too, with his old professors, who felt a pleasure in the visits of their quondam pupil: and the opportunities he enjoyed, of witnessing the gradual developement of Eliza’s affection, established her immoveably on the throne of his heart, as the sole empress of his

undivided affection. But clouds yet surrounded him, and the gleam of hope that burst through the deepening tints, but faintly opened on his view the beauties of a nearing vista.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

“Dark boding fears hung on my mind,  
That I should never see him more.”

AN order came for the Highland Watch to prepare for foreign service; in two days more, the route arrived. St. Clyde was to march with his regiment to Greenock, there to embark for Canada. When he went to Mr. Stuart's, to bid the family “good bye,” even the mother wept; and Eliza, poor dear creature, “for nought but love can answer love,” looked pity's self at their parting. Colin gave her a ring, on which was the most exquisite enamel of his portrait; and she put into his hands a small package, which the goodness of

her elder brother Robert enabled her to make up; and St. Clyde, ignorant of its contents, received it; but what was his surprise to find it contained a heavy purse of gold, and a billet on which were inscribed these lines:

THAT you may not your friend forget,  
Accept, dear sir, this simple net,  
Contrived in gentle bonds to hold  
That mighty necromancer, gold;  
The servant of the good and brave,  
The tyrant of the fool and knave,  
Of power to blanch an Ethiop white,  
Or make an angel dark as night.

And when your generous bosom sighs  
To chase the tear from misery's eyes,  
May this unfailing stores impart,  
To aid the impulse of your heart;  
Or when on pleasure's rosy wing  
You rove through life's delightful spring;  
Refined by love's celestial fires

And holy friendship's deathless flame;  
Inspired by elegant desires,

And smiling hopes of virtuous fame:  
May this, like fairy gifts of old,  
Its ample treasures still unfold  
To gratify each ardent thought,  
With honour, taste, or genius fraught.

But should your guardian angel sleep,  
And error lead you to the bowers,  
Where dissipation hides with flowers  
The scorpions which around her creep,  
And warbles her Circean song,  
That binds the soul in fetters strong:  
Oh! then may this no power supply  
To aid the fatal phantasy;  
So shall the dire delusion cease,  
And reason win you back to peace,  
To fire-side joys and pure delights,  
Unsullied days and tranquil nights;  
To every charm that home bestows,  
And every bliss that virtue knows!

When St. Clyde had perused this piece of poetic advice, he put it carefully into the purse; he would have returned the whole; he was suspended in resolution; he consulted his old friend Levingstone, not that he had not decision enough of character, to act by himself, but, without being avariciously rich, or needily poor, his circumstances being that of a captain in the army; he had been an ensign but a month, and a lieutenant but

three; his twenty fine recruits gained him all Dunmorven's influence, and he now commanded the light company of the 42nd.; and Levingstone advised him by all means, not to insult the kindness of Eliza by returning her present: her family was wealthy; she had done it with the very best intentions, and Colin ought to be satisfied: it was, moreover, the gift of a real friend, and had been made in the sincerity of a good heart.

“Take my advice, St. Clyde,” said Levingstone, “and answer the poesy of your friend in a note that shall reflect honour on her talents for the service of the muses, and express your embarrassment at accepting the purse, but conclude by paying a tribute of gratitude to her generosity, which you shudder to insult; and finish your epistle, by asking her if Eliza ever heard of a poor being placed in the same

circumstances with Colin St. Clyde?" "But," continued Levingstone, "the agreement on epistolary correspondence we have but scantily fulfilled; let me remind you of it, and express a hope of its continuance."

Next morning Colin marched with his regiment from the Castle, the piper playing—

"In the garb of old Gaul, and the fire of old Rome,  
From the heath-covered mountains of Scotia we come."

And the pibroch ceased not till the corps descended the West-bow, passed through the Grass market, and cleared the West-port.

The drums and fifes then struck up a livelier air; and the people, who did not then take farewell of Dunmorven's men, went as far as Corstorphine. In three days the regiment was at Greenock, where it embarked for Canada. The Laird St. Clyde and Monsieur Villejuive came to Greenock to see the



captain before he sailed. The laird had some horrible presentiment on his mind, that he should never again see his son; but Villejuive bade him keep up his spirits; his son might return loaded with the blessings of the men he commanded, and crowned with his country's applause. But the laird persisted in his opinion. Colin gave the old man all the comfort he could. The vessels got under weigh; and next morning, about two o'clock, the laird and Villejuive were landed below Mount-Stuart House.

The laird came home. His wife and daughters had eyed the transports from the distant hills. The people of the island prayed many a blessing, and all protection on their sons; and the minister on the next sabbath day prayed a prayer for the warring part of his flock.

The first accounts the laird received

from his son was a letter that had been brought along with the dispatch of General Wolfe. After detailing the unsuccessful attempts of the general to bring the Marquis de Montcalm to battle at Montmorenci, St. Clyde lamented that General Wolfe had been taken very ill. "He is consumed," said he, "by care, by watching, and by fatigue, too great for his delicate constitution: his body seems unequal to the vigorous and enterprising spirit it lodges. It is not enough for him to escape from so great an expedition uncondemned and unapplauded; to be pitied is but a milder censure: but his deep thinking mind will strike out some project which, if guided with success, will make him shine amongst the first generals in the universe." And history informs us how truly the prediction of St. Clyde was verified.

The next accounts the laird received

were from young Gillies: the letter was very long; as it was written partly to the laird, and partly to the people at Millhole, with a paragraph to the dominie, relating the fate of some fifteen of St. Clyde's recruits.

The letter of Gillies might have served for a dispatch of itself: it was read more frequently than General Townshend's; and the praises of Gillies on Colonel Howe, in leading the light infantry and the Highlanders up the narrow path-way, and surmounting the obstacles of the high and steep ascent in front of Silling (the passage in the mountains), was finely described; and the position of both armies on the heights of Abraham was neatly drawn on a space in one corner of the paper, not more than three inches by two. But it would be repeating to no purpose the conflict of the Highlanders with their broad-swords, and the troops

of the Marquis de Montcalm. Every one knows how the action ended—the French were not merely beaten, the remains of their army could never be accounted for.

The most afflicting theme poor Gillies had to tell, was the fate of Captain St. Clyde. He had been struck with a bullet from a bush, and Serjeant Macbean was carrying him in his arms to the rear. The two armies were then not more than forty yards asunder, when the charge began, and the claymores rung again upon the arms and bones of the French and the Indians; and after the action, neither the captain nor the serjeant could be found. Gillies had taken two entire days after the battle to search for them, but all his efforts were of no avail; and what added to their affliction, was the account of the death of Dunmorven: he had fallen early in the action. St. Clyde was seen beside

Dunmorven just as he expired : in five minutes more St. Clyde was hit in the body, and fell ; and it was reported that Macbean received a shot, and fell with his burden as he was going to the rear. This was all that could with certainty be known. The French were not known to have taken any prisoners.

The laird and his family were greatly distressed by this news. Mrs. St. Clyde had doted on her son, Norah loved Colin with *sisterly* distraction, and Ellen could now with poignant grief reflect that she had been his favourite. The laird would not give up all hopes: in a great expedition there were many things which might prevent Colin from writing home ; he might have been carried on board of some of the ships ; he might have been carried wounded into the town by the enemy, when they retreated from the heights of Abraham : in short, every prop on which hope could

lean was eagerly seized; but the return of the regiment proved that captain St. Clyde was no more.

Mon. Villejuive paid every attention to the laird and his family. The young Villejuives now returned from St. Omer, and like two dutiful cousins they divided their whole attention between Norah and Ellen. Every day they were together; and the sons, now as good at the finesse of the Gaul as their father, were flippant and assiduous in every pretty word that could amuse, and in every little elegant action that could serve and please; and they were even studious to find out how they might assuage the grief and console the spirits of Norah and Ellen; they strove to do so in good earnest, and they succeeded.

Louis Villejuive, the elder of these youths, was now in his element. The candour, the simplicity, the probity of his manners charmed the soul of Norah;



and he would invent a thousand innocent little artifices to extricate her from the sorrow that preyed on her spirits. At times he would reduce himself to the same misery he found Norah in; at other times he would not deign to take any notice of her grief, but with that village-honesty, which wins without ostentation and pleases without assiduity, he would exhaust the misery of Norah, who would retire from his presence with a negligence of attitude that gave a nobleness and majesty to her person and deportment, and heightened the picture she offered to his view of the fruitlessness of affliction.

But he divided with Ellen the attentions he could have paid to Norah alone. His imagination was most sprightly; and he was of that age when it is permitted for a susceptible heart to display itself outwardly, and charm by its virtues, without being violently agitated, but



by diffusing happiness, and rendering every scene agreeable in the midst of the solitude of affliction and despair. And the Laird St. Clyde, whose impatience for the fate of his son was redoubled by the unprofitableness of his enquiries, did not attempt to conceal the pleasure he derived from the assiduities of Louis to the only happinesses that remained to his soul, his dear Norah and Ellen. The grief of Mrs. St. Clyde had a luxury in it for her soul : she would prefer its bitterness to the deceitful sweets of joy ; but Louis would interrupt her plaintive accents, and deliver up her soul to the sweet emotion of pleasurable ideas, without appearing to use the refinements of art or the attributes of sprightliness ; and this mother, who seemed resolved to consecrate the solitude of her life to grief, would find it suspended by an agreeable distraction in admiring the assemblage of

innocent gaiety that mingled itself with the conversations of her daughters and nephews, or the tales of misfortunes which Louis would tell to prove that others had had misfortunes to encounter greater than she; would lift up her soul to heaven for salutary counsel, and for strength at least to follow such consolatory examples.

Mon. Villejuive would condole with the Laird St. Clyde; and when the name of Colin was mentioned, Villejuive would point out, that “though there was much cause for grief, Captain St. Clyde did his duty at the most important moment of his life; for when his regiment performed prodigies of valour, though the sacrifice was great, being that of an only son, the name of St. Clyde was rendered as immortal as that of the brave general who expired just when victory descended to crown him with the conqueror’s

laurel:" and even this was consolation to the laird, who with tears in his eyes, and an inexpressible look of mingled sorrow and satisfaction, would borrow from the observation the confidence of recounting the deeds of his forefathers, and the traits of military character which Colin evinced when he was but a boy at school.

## CHAPTER XIX.

Her eyes

Brighten'd ; the quicken'd action of the blood  
Tinged with a deeper hue her glowing cheek ;  
And on her lips there sat a smile which spake  
The honourable pride of perfect love.

SOUTHEY'S RODERICK.

THOUGH Villejuive had followed the fortunes of the *first genius* of the STUARTS, he had, by a timely retreat from the standard of *Prince Charles*, saved his life at the expense of his honour. But he was a respectable man ; and being a foreigner, the vassals of BUTE, the brave and the wise, looked upon Villejuive as an acquisition amongst them. He was a young man when he came to Rothsay, after his colonel paid the forfeit of his native loyalty at Carlisle ; and though his fortune was

small, by being parsimoniously dealt out, he was not only able to keep his pate white, his boots clean, his snuff nice; but by the most refined policy he contrived that the etiquette of his house, and particularly his table, should be the model for all the islanders of property; and the natural vivacity and complaisance of his genuine French soul, procured him the good opinion and best wishes of Colin St. Clyde's grandfather, who looked upon the marriage of his daughter with Monsieur B. R. Villejuive as the most ominous event in the family of the St. Clydes. Such was the man who now bent his whole soul to comfort a father and a mother, who were consumed by the purest sorrow, with which the death of an only son could have inspired them.

But just at this time, Antony Levingstone, whom the news of Colin St.

Clyde's fate had filled with regrets and sighs, seized the opportunity of the Laird St. Clyde's grief to visit his family. We will not say that Levingstone was an Adonis: he was handsome and tall withal, and his manners were finely elegant. His temper, naturally good, had been rendered by classic lore, of highly mellifluent tone. The stores of knowledge he had gained, he knew well how to impart; and he was blessed with the rare gift of communicating knowledge even in chit-chat; and without once appearing a pedant, he might be compared to the genius of intelligence.

Possessing these accomplishments, it was impossible for him to visit any company, especially the family of his *quondam condiscipulus*, without striving to soothe the doleful brow of grief, by giving the left-hand of its subject to

forgetfulness and peace, and the right hand to hope and joy.

Nor were his attentions lost on Norah and Ellen; and their cousins did feel no jealousy. Affliction had given a fine tone to Ellen's mind; the turbulent passions never entered her soul; for the furies in their progress through the earth on the night she was born, observed that the lintel of her father's door was stamped with the image of peace; and they passed on their way, leaving the little innocent to be suckled and nursed by virtue and charity: and Ellen's heart now possessed that nice flexibility which the driving gale gives to the poplar. Her soft nature affliction had made mellow, and every kindness of Levingstone had the impression of a die on her delicate heart.

It was not love; the genius of language had not been able to find a word



to denote the intercourse that passed between Ellen and Antony Levingstone ; but their affections were entwined with each other, before either thought there was such a thing as a susceptible heart ; and the longer they conversed, the more numerous their interviews, the more complicated became the threads that bound them ; and it was not love : Ellen's thoughts had never strayed ; this tender lamb could not cease to be afflicted by the loss of her dutiful brother ; Levingstone was the friend of her dear brother ; and the unaccountable death of that brother, caused Antony Levingstone to be equal to Colin St. Clyde.

Blood had implanted in Louis Villejuive and his brother, fraternal affection to Norah and Ellen ; the kindnesses of humanity to a distressed sister had made the name of brother carry a spell to Ellen's bosom ; and Levingstone,

who came foot to foot with brother, was not likely to be refused to have the pleasure of doing this thing or that for Ellen St. Clyde and her sister Norah.

The progress of affection is imperceptible, but the accessions it gradually receives, swell into esteem, and out of esteem grows that fine sensitive plant, which those skilled in a knowledge of our nobler passions call love. Ellen, however, had not entered into so refined an analysis of the ingredients which were now amalgamating themselves in her ingenuous heart; nor indeed was it necessary, since those who seek most for results from such causes, too frequently resemble the dog and his shadow.

“ There be perhaps who barren hearts avow,  
Cold as the rocks on Tornea's hoary brow ;  
There be, whose loveless wisdom never failed,  
In self-adoring pride securely mailed :  
But triumph not, ye peace-enamoured few !  
For you no fancy consecrates the scene,  
Where rapture uttered vows, and wept between

'Tis yours unmoved to sever and to meet,  
No pledge is sacred, and no home is sweet."

But in the midst of these ebbs and flows of grief and sorrow, joy and peace, which the company of Levingstone and the Villejuives contributed to afford at the laird's house, a letter arrived to Antony, informing him, that Augustus and his sister Eliza had come to Kelvin, and it would very greatly oblige and give pleasure to Mr. and Mrs. Levingstone, if Norah and Ellen would honour Kelvin with their presence for a month. Mrs. St. Clyde, for a short time, would not give up her title to the distressed society of her daughters; and Mrs. Thornhill, who had held Ellen in her lap when this fair world was to the babe but one short hour long, said, "there might be many real friends to Colin, who would reckon it their highest honour to have the company of Norah and Ellen; but she was

as sorry as any one of them, that the misfortunes of St. Clyde's only son should have furnished friends to bind, with ties strong and powerful, the hearts of her young friends, Norah and Ellen:" however, she never contradicted her husband in any thing, and Mr. Thornhill thought, with Mr. and Mrs. St. Clyde, that the jaunt to Kelvin, and the company of Jessie Levingstone and Eliza Stuart, would greatly contribute to restore the health of Norah and Ellen, which had been very materially impaired by the afflictions they had suffered; it was agreed *nem. con.* that in a few days Antony Levingstone, the young Villejuives, and Norah and Ellen, should set off for the mainland.

The dominie was loath "his disciples," for this was the epithet used to designate his scientific pupils, Norah and Ellen, who had studied geography with Mr. Maclean — well then, the

dominie was loath his disciples should ever leave the island, and their father's house; but as it was only for a short time, he hoped the words of his favourite bard would not have their fulfilment with him, till they returned :

“*Pallida mors æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas  
Regumque turres.*”

## CHAPTER XX.

Versed in the woes and vanities of life,  
He pitied man ; and much he pitied those  
Whom falsely-smiling Fate has cursed with means  
To dissipate their days in quest of joy.  
“ Our aim is happiness: ’tis yours, ’tis mine,”  
He said ; “ ’tis the pursuit of all that live ;  
Yet few attain it, if ’twas e’er attained.”

ARMSTRONG.

IN two days more, all the company  
going to Kelvin embarked on board  
the packet-boat at Rothsay, for Dum-  
barton or Kilpatrick. The wind was  
fair :

“ Upon the gale she stooped her side,  
And bounded o’er the swelling tide,  
As she were dancing home ;  
The merry seamen laughed to see  
Their gallant ship so lustily  
Furrow the green sea foam.”  
“ Twas sweet to see these *holy* maids,  
Like birds escaped to green wood shades,

'Their first flight from the cage;  
How timid and how curious too!  
For all to them was strange and new,  
And all the common sights they view,  
Their wonderment engage.  
One at the rippling surge grew pale,  
And would for terror pray;  
And one would still adjust her veil,  
Disordered by the summer gale;  
Perchance lest some more worldly eye  
Her dedicated charms might spy;  
Perchance, because such action graced  
Her fair-turned arm and slender waist."

In four hours they got off Greenock, and all of a sudden the wind shifting, they had to put into Port Glasgow; from thence Levingstone and his friends got a conveyance to Renfrew, and there they crossed the river, and arrived at Kelvin. The reception Mr. and Mrs. Levingstone gave their visitors, was the real welcome of a good family. Jessie was delighted to see Norah and Ellen; but the interest their presence created in the hearts of all, was what might naturally have been expected. Mr. Levingstone received them as a father would



his children from the wreck of the storm; and Mrs. Levingstone evinced her joy by a shower of tears; and Eliza

“Twice essayed, and twice in vain;  
Her accents might no utterance gain;  
Nought but imperfect murmurs slip  
’Twixt her convulsed and quivering lip;  
’Twixt each attempt all was so still,  
You seemed to hear a distant rill—  
’Twas ocean’s swells and falls.”

But that kind relief which almost always comes to woman’s aid, came to Eliza’s, and she prefaced her welcome in words with a stream of tears: they were Norah and Ellen, the maidens of woe, the daughters of pity, who felt the honours done them in these tender shows of sympathy; and it was relieving their load of suffering, to weep with them; and to be pensive and sad in their presence, seemed to be the necessary consolations for these seasons of bitterness and grief.

And though Mr. Levingstone was an original character, he had studied the

human mind, and knew the consolations necessary for every stage of misery and suffering; but he knew also that, though

“Peace may depart, and life, and nature seem  
A barren path, a wildness and a dream,”

there were resources left to cheer the drooping spirits, and bid Norah and Ellen look forward to days of happiness and bliss. Mr. Levingstone exhorted them to hope that this would be the case: and the mind of Jessie and Ellen exactly suited each other, whilst Norah and Eliza were kindred spirits: this then was the society which had for its equal the parental roof of the Laird St. Clyde.

The Villejuives adapted themselves to the manners of the company and the eccentricities of Mr. Levingstone, with an adroitness scarcely credible in youth: and Norah and Ellen derived pleasure from the agreeable sensations

the manners and conversations of their cousins imparted to all around them. As the relations of Ellen and Norah, these young men were welcomed as princes; and on the following day, when a walk to the grotto was proposed, Antony Levingstone, as the friend, the bosom-friend of Colin St. Clyde, offered Ellen his arm; and Eliza thought she perceived Miss St. Clyde essay to irradiate her face with a smile, or rather a blush of consent. Now, though there was no jealousy in the mind of Eliza, when the younger Villejuive offered her his arm, she was very reserved; but, willing to follow the example of Ellen, she only rendered more visible in her look the troubled workings of her heart. The bitterest flower which the garden of hope ever yielded, this fair maiden had plucked; and in despite of every charm for woe, she would wear it opposite to her sad heart.

But Mr. Levingstone was a man of a warm temperament; and his guests were never permitted to brood o'er the ills of life, and conjure up ten thousand idle visions which innocent gaiety might dissipate like the morning's mist before the rising sun. Though turned of fifty, he was sprightly, and could turn the stream of conversation into any channel he chose; and his present company, from the flexibility of youthful dispositions, were easily led along with the torrent of his singularities, good-sense, and hard-earned accounts of foreign lands and Gallic manners, whose descendants he condescended to acknowledge, and partially to imitate.

The assiduities of his son were wholly bent to Ellen—whether they arose from long-tried friendship with her brother; or whether they were intended to bind up the wounds which her brother's fate had opened, and to apply

all the opiates which the ingenuity of friendship can devise to lull to repose her griefs; or from that imprescriptible law which moves to the same point two different hearts. A month passed away at Kelvin, and Eliza pursued with undiscovered gaze the interrupted converse, look, and gentle smile of Antony and Ellen.

The arrival of Norah and Ellen, and the Villejuives, gave a new interest to the walks of Augustus and Jessie to Kelvin grotto. Eliza, who moaned in secret the fate of her dear treasure Colin, could find in the company of her brother and Jessie, a pair of downright smitten lovers; and she therefore chose, when the ramble to the grotto was planned, to be particularly engaged with Mrs. Levingstone, and this good lady found there was a vacuum; that Eliza was miserable; that, though company recalled her spirits, solitude

and reflection did not suffer her to escape their abodes with a cheerful heart; and accordingly, Mrs. Levingstone was always happy to find an opportunity of drawing from Eliza the real cause of her sorrow.

But this was a task not easily effected.

Eliza had been solicitous not to do any thing contrary to the evident wishes of her parents, but Colin she had secretly loved; her duty and affection divided her heart; her parents she could not offend, without doing violence to the ties of nature; Colin she could not cease to esteem, without doing violence to the impulses of her heart. He was gone, perhaps now never to return, but he had carried Eliza's heart with him; and though the younger Villejuive offered her attentions, how could she offer to another what herself possessed not? It were hypocrisy to



have affected to believe that she was disengaged, yet how to reply to the solicitations of another, should another ever seek her fair hand; to say no to him, whom hard necessity severed perhaps only for a time, would be sinning on the threshold of Hymen's joys.

It was in all, a difficult card this fair damsel had to play; but, if she followed nature, nothing was easier. The half of the conquest was conquering herself; and this had long ago been done. In fact, Colin was every thing to Eliza, though to all appearance lost; and without her, this world might not have witnessed his ceaseless struggles, to arrive at that happy day, when death alone should sever the heart of his Eliza from that of St. Clyde.

This then being the case, we need not wonder that Eliza felt embarrassed when Mrs. Levingstone questioned her why she was always dull, when the



other young people went out to walk? She did not know; that is, she knew, but she did not know that she might tell the secret of her grief. She did not know; that is, she wished none else might know her plighted faith to Colin.

Mrs. Levingstone was not a woman of a curiously inquisitive mind, whose temperament reserve would kindle into a flame, and a disclosure warp into devious intrigue, or turn to chilling coldness; and hence, when she found that Eliza was *with cause* sorrowful, she endeavoured to solace her mind by the consolations of Christianity, and the resources of Mr. Levingstone's philosophy.

Eliza's elegant form and beauteous face, robed in pining love's sad sable weeds, were now the living likeness of hope; for Levingstone questioned whether the sculptor had judiciously han-

dled his chesel, in causing a gleam of rapture to irradiate the countenance of this statue ; or whether there ought not to be blended with this gleam of rapture, with which he saw irradiated the face of hope, a strong mixture of doubt, of fear, and of irresolution, powerfully indicating, that the heart had not dismissed all its misgivings ; and this is the only picture Antony's ideas could form, from perceiving the ebbs and flows, the indications of confidence, of actual enjoyment, and the fears or doubts of subsequent misery which Eliza opened to his view ; and such was the picture he would draw of this fair lady's face ; and whilst, on tip-toe attitude, she seemed to scour a far-extended plain with her firmest tread of foot, there was a species of hesitation arising, he would almost have supposed, from partial short-sightedness or the absence of day, that seemed to en-

quire, if the prospect in advance were not a dream, and if a precipice might not be met with even where she least expected to find one ; and he thought her foot seemed to be partially glued to the earth ; for when it moved, it moved almost mechanically : and this was the picture of hope which Eliza offered to Antony's view, if perchance there dwelt hope in her tender breast.

As Ellen passed the house that skirted the rock, on the right hand side of the gorge of the glen that led to Kelvin, she could not help envying the little sun-burnt urchins that crawled in the dust, and seemed to think they looked the prettier for being all over mud or clay. She, her sister, and the Villejuives, were now returning again to Bute.

And looking at her sister as she walked in advance, leaning on the arm of Louis, (though, by the way, this part-

ner of her journey might only be seen in the relation of cousin,) she suffered the conclusion of her reflection on these children to escape her lips.

But they passed over the frith to Renfrew, and got a conveyance to the Largs, from whence they crossed the channel of the frith to their native isle.

They were met on the shore by the dominie and the minister, who insisted that, as the road by the manse was as near home as through the muir, his friends should go there with him.

The dominie immediately chuckled up, took Ellen's arm, and put it into his own, and swaggered forward, asking a thousand questions about his good host and hostess, Mr. and Mrs. Levingstone.

Now they are in sight of the manse. *The Manse!* it was indeed the temple of benevolence! Though built apparently on an august eminence, it had

its foundations laid deep in truth and justice, and on its portals were inscribed the following words of the angelic band,—“PEACE AND GOOD-WILL TO MAN!”

“Go to! thou tithe-pig rector, who wouldst hesitate and be suspended in thy resolution between a lovely Cyprian, or a duck and green peas, with a bottle of claret, for thy supper; wouldst thou wert like the priest of Bute,” said the dominie to himself, as he reflected, on looking up the avenue at the manse.

But he broke out: “Few of our pleasures come to us without alloy;” looking Ellen in the face; “thank God, child, you are once more on our native isle. Liberty! liberty! is the child of reason, the daughter of order, a plant of celestial growth! they who would see it flourish and bring forth its fruit, must not think it sufficient to let it shoot in unrestrained licentiousness:

humanity ! humanity does not consist in a squeamish ear, nor in shrinking and starting at tales of woe ; but in a disposition of the heart to remedy the evils they unfold : humanity belongs rather to the mind than to the nerves ; and if so, it should prompt men to charitable exertion.” And after a long pause, he burst from his reflections again, exclaiming, “Who, who, who can hold a balance of gold in one hand, and blood and crime in the other ?”

As it was nothing new for the dominie to amuse his friends by his reveries and wise saws, the minister paid little attention to him. The apostrophe to the rector, the dominie told in the smithy on Saturday night, came into his mind, as he lifted up his eyes, and saw the manse, with the sign “Peace and Good-will to Man” upon its front. The exclamation about liberty arose from Ellen’s observing how much liberty of discussion the

family of Mr. Levingstone enjoyed: and the shrewd remark on humanity was occasioned by Ellen's asking the dominie, if he had not remarked when at Kelvin, how comfortable the poor people at the gorge of Kelvin glen were, and how happy the children all were. But it was impossible for any of the company, though they all heard the finishing speech of the dominie; to make out its import. It was a task none of the company felt competent to: Norah wondered if the days of prophecy had ceased; Louis Villejuive, who was by her side, said, "he is always moralizing or lecturing on his Horace or Euclid."



## CHAPTER XXI.

“When all the blandishments of life are gone,  
The coward sneaks to death, the brave live on.”

ON the very morning that the Villejuives, and Norah and Ellen St. Clyde were preparing to return home, Augustus received a letter from his father, announcing that his mother was at the point of death, though she had been ill only two days. Alarmed by this intelligence, Augustus and Eliza prepared to go home with all possible speed. The separation of Augustus from his Jessie, (for she had learned to call him by the name *Augustus*,) was equally trying to both. Jessie grieved at the sorrowful tidings, as child would mourn for parent's sickness and death ;

and she could not bid Augustus adieu, without feeling that she parted from a friend. Mrs. Stuart now died.

And Antony parted from Ellen, he knew not why, with real sorrow. Looking back on the past, he saw all the way a rough and weary road; distance beclouded his view of the remote scenes in the picture, but the proximity of dates between his seeing the fair Ellen, and the doubtful end of her brother, offered some of the most sickening tints the landscape bore; and, looking forward into futurity by the results he had drawn from the past, he was penetrated with fear,—we will not say with despair, but with listless grief and aching care; and he could not help pausing and saying,

“ Blood is warmer than the mountain stream ;”  
applying it to Ellen’s grief. Mr. Stuart’s family was inconsolable, and the remains of his wife had not been interred, when

he received advices of the loss of two ships that were returning from the Levant richly laden. Unfortunately these vessels were not insured; and the whole being his own property, his affairs became considerably embarrassed. The loss of his wife was the greatest of losses: the loss of the ships and their cargoes might be retrieved; the loss of a wife and a mother the gems of the East could not make good.

Overwhelmed by the burden of his afflictions, this good man, who had firmly and honourably supported his character through forty years of business, now sunk beneath the pressure of his woes, and gave way to the most dismal despair. Neither sons nor daughters, nor the consolation of religion, could yield him any comfort. He pined away his days in sorrow, and the nights of his grief were not brightened by one single gleam of

hope. Company fatigued, and business irritated him. Bereft of his wife, stripped of his property, pressed by demands he could not answer with the same facilities he had once done, Mr. Stuart became tired of the world; and tried to find, in the contemplation of bidding it adieu, some *salvo* for the doubts his mind started as to the propriety of quitting existence when it displeases one's taste.

He could not easily meet his demands; by the loss of these ships, and a disappointment occasioned by returns he expected not arriving from the West Indies, he was confined for a day to his bed. It was all a point of honour. Sleep fled from his eyes. He arose on the second day distracted. His head ached; it seemed to be twisted by opposite forces, part turning it to the right and left, whilst contrary powers seemed to warp its contents on a roller

upwards, whilst the too strong force of another instrument dragged his countenance downward. His eyes could not steadily behold any object ; if he looked at it, his head shook, and he saw it not. To view with fixed attention the glass from which he shaved, was beyond his power ; and the razor passed over his face he knew not how, but it broke not the skin of his neck !

On the morning of the day at which, if we had not been guilty of many very gross digressions in the progress of our details, this man arose dressed cleaner, if possible, than usual, came down to his library, arranged some matters that could not be arranged but by the presence of his understanding ; went to breakfast, which he ate with his eyes swimming from side to side, seen by all, yet looking upon none ; and his very brain drawing down a scowl on his eye-brows, as if in motion in his

head. Indeed he sometimes fancied, when the acuteness of the phrensy closed his eyelids, that the chords of nature would snap, and relieve him from the thralldom of existence ; but the strength of nature gained the victory, and after suicide had striven for three days to carry his soul in triumph to the infernal regions, reason cried, “ Every man ought to be able to overcome the grief and melancholy of his passions ; there is as much true courage in bearing with firmness distress of mind, as the soldier evinces in remaining firm under the most destructive fire of a battery : to give up one’s self to melancholy without any effort to resist it, to kill one’s self to avoid it, is to abandon the world out of spite !”

Thus when distress and affliction were filling his mind with horrors, the influence of reason and a superior philosophy, though they did not effec-

tually dissipate the gloom, resisted the infatuated counsel of suicide; and bade Mr. Stuart “look on the poor man labouring to support a haughty lordling’s pride,—the poor man! who would go on as long as nature was prodigal of time, even though oppressed by cares and sorrows, age and want, two ill-matched pairs, unmindful of his years; the poor man who, all wretched and forlorn, would not leave to countless ills a weeping wife and helpless offspring, because remorse and shame, and bold licentious self-will, had armed his hand against himself, with man’s inhumanity to man.”

Mr. Stuart still reasoned that if the lily, as fair a flower as blooms in sunny ray, stood till the blast sweeping over the valley laid it prostrate in the clay; if the wood-lark, the charmer of the forest, told her little joys till some pirate of the skies pounced on the hap-



less bird as its prey ; man, whom intelligence distinguished from the flower of the field and the bird of the air, ought not to bend nor snap in the storm ; but resolutely hold out against despondency, and that false shame, which seeks to hide its head, and, like the bloody coward midnight assassin, crawls from this fair world to exhibit *honour* in a land from whose bourne no traveller hath yet returned, to inform us with what applauses they were received by Pluto's guard.

In the midst of his distress, Mr. Stuart received a visit from Mr. Levingstone and the Laird St. Clyde. The meeting of St. Clyde and Mr. Stuart was that of real friends, of kindred souls ; both brought very low in spirits, and still lower in circumstances ; though they had only known each other from the relation of their sons, they were plain enough to go into the

details of the situation of their families with all a father's tenderness. Mr. Stuart's poverty could not injure any one; he could still pay twenty shillings in the pound, and have something left for old age; but his fortune was gone from his children; and he had too much of that commercial spirit which disdains to sneak when driven to extremities; and since his fortune had been his own making, the loss of it by unforeseen and irremediable calamity, affected none but his own family. The misfortunes of his house tied Augustus the closer to every member of it; and the gray hairs of his father going down to the grave in partial poverty, he could not look upon, without feeling arise in his mind fresh arguments for acting the part of a dutiful and respectful son.

It was therefore whilst the Laird St. Clyde and Mr. Levingstone were at

Edinburgh, that Augustus prepared to go to India as a physician. He got an appointment from the Company of Merchants trading to the Eastern Archipelago; and without so much as going to bid Jessie adieu, he left Scotland, came to London, embarked for India, and at last evinced that reason had still the government of his passions, and that his mind was still superior to the impulses of mere animal pleasures.

Mr. Levingstone and Laird St. Clyde, after passing a month with Mr. Stuart, returned to Kelvin; and the laird staid there a week, and then returned home.

But Mr. Stuart was really poor; he had given up business, and had retired on the wreck of his fortune to a small house in the vicinity of the city: he would not live in Edinburgh; he had known it from his youth; he had held

the first places of power and trust in the city; his family had been brought up in it in the first style of fashion and literature. There, there was company of that description which suited his declining years and impaired resources: but it was not the company of men of desperate fortunes and names whom all discredited; no, he knew that no place in the *island* was fitted like the capital of the north, for that select company which makes life worth the living for, and society worth the courting. The young could meet the young in virtuous confidence; the old could meet the old without suspecting this man a knave; that, a battered, hoary, rake; this a gambler silverd o'er with age; that a libertine at seventy, and emaciated by voluptuousness.

When Mr. Levingstone returned, Jessie was all inquiry about her dear

friend Eliza: it was by asking questions about Eliza that an opportunity of some slight aberration in discourse, led her to inquire how Augustus went off; what spirits he was in; what prospects he had; and she would fain have asked whether there was not a letter to her from Eliza; she could not mention Augustus's name and a letter together—that would be going too far; her father might not like it; her own good sense guarded her passion: indeed the whole of the interviews between her and Augustus resolved themselves into nothing more than a voluntary exchange of soul; the whole of their passion for each other was confined to the proud and soaring order of intellectual passions; there can be no question they had stretched perhaps the chord of imagination, in the reciprocity of intellectual enjoyment as far as they could; but that

Being who fills all space, could not behold in the conduct of Augustus and Jessie, any dereliction of duty, honour, and virtue.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.







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